THE BOOK OF NOBLE DOGS

ESTELLE ROSS

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THE BOOK OF NOBLE DOGS

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AMOR, BY VERONESE
Munich Gallery

THE BOOK OF NOBLE DOGS

BY
ESTELLE ROSS

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A certain Abbot of Bec had a vision of purgatory wherein he saw two fair penitents whom he had known on earth. They confessed they were in that dim abode because of an inordinate love of little dogs.

To these legendary and lovable ladies
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

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THE BOOK OF NOBLE DOGS

The Book of Noble Dogs

CHAPTER I

MYTH AND LEGEND

A LEGEND tells us that after the creation a gulf gradually opened between Adam and the beasts he had named. Among them stood the dog, gazing wistfully at the ever widening chasm till, when the separation was all but complete, he leaped the gulf and stood by man's side. There, with such slight exceptions as prove the rule, in his master's hour of need he has stood ever since.

There are many myths of his first relationship with the creature he has served.

The Koumis, a tribe of eastern India, so Sir James Frazer tells us in "The Golden Bough," give him an important rôle. In their account of the beginning of years man and woman were not the Maker's crowning achievement, though he evidently intended them to be. He took twelve hours to mold the human forms, and, satisfied with his handiwork, went to sleep. The same night the serpent, who was either indigenous or an unhappy inspiration of the Creator's craft, glided to its prey, and destroyed

the Koumis' Adam and Eve. Undaunted, their deity set to work next morning and framed them anew, to have once more labored in vain, owing to the reptile's cunning. A third failure, due to the same cause, decided him to change his tactics. Rising early the following day he proceeded to fashion a guardian in the shape of a dog, and finished his day's work by—what by now must have been a somewhat wearisome task—remodeling the human pair. In the evening the serpent, crawling through the long grass to the first resting-place of primitive man, horrified by the growling of the faithful watch, abandoned his intention once and for all.

This is why, so the Koumis believe, when a man is dying his dog begins to howl. But in the passing of time he has lost his ancient power, and, despite his protest, the Koumis sleep their last sleep.

A similar legend, with vindictive horses who trampled to death the first of the race ere the dog is created for their protection, is found among the Korkus, a tribe of the central provinces of India.

Unfortunately the canine reputation does not stand so high among all native races. In Togoland the belief is held that it was owing to a dog's greediness that man lost his immortality.

The Togo tribesmen sent the hound with a message to the Deity to inform him that when they died they desired rebirth. He set out with alacrity, but on his way passed a wizard's hut and sniffed a

smell of cooking. Walking inside to wait till the savory brew was ready, he saw the frog, who had been annoyed at the choice of a messenger, hopping along on a self-imposed mission to the All-powerful. The true legate, relying on his swiftness, awaited his meal. The frog arrived first at the Togomen's paradise, interviewed the Deity, and informed him that the tribesmen, when they died, did not want to live again.

Shortly afterward the dog appeared in the presence and gave his message. "I do not understand," replied the god, "I have already received intelligence to the opposite effect, and having given my promise to the frog I shall abide by it."

Civilized races, too, believed in the power of the dog. The Greeks held that Cerberus, that most renowned of mythical hounds, guarded the portals of Hades. When old Charon had performed his office and rowed the phantom host in his ferry-boat across the Styx, they wended their way to Pluto's realm of darkness. At the entrance gate stood Cerberus on guard, a three-headed monster, with a serpent's tail, cordial to the spirits who entered, hostile to those who would depart.

Time was when Cerberus left Hades, for it was the twelfth and last labor of Hercules, imposed by Eurystheus, to bring him to earth. Hercules, led by Hermes, descended to the under-world. The thin shades fled before his robust personality as he

made his way to Pluto to request permission to carry off the guardian of the portal. "You may do so," was the reply, "but you must be weaponless."

Hercules met Cerberus at the mouth of the Acheron, and with his powerful hands gripped him by the throat, though all the heads were barking at once, the serpent's tail lashing, and the teeth dropping poison. His strength was equal to this, the most arduous of all his labors. With his mighty arm he swung the monster over his back and returned with him to earth. Taking him on a strong leash he reported to Eurystheus, who, when he saw the captive, decided that there was now no task that the hero could not fulfill and released him from further bondage. One condition was imposed: Pluto's portals were not to lose their porter, and Cerberus must be returned forthwith to what, to him, must have been a more congenial clime.

With the passing of paganism and the coming of Christianity the dim abode changed its ruler. Satan replaced Pluto but retained the services of Cerberus, at any rate for a time. There one of the early Christian fathers saw him still on guard. And there, in the third circle of the Inferno, Dante and Vergil met the monster "fierce and strange" torturing the unhappy multitude, who were paying the penalty of gluttony, himself symbolizing the effect of gluttony on the soul. He can hardly be said to have welcomed these illustrious visitors; his red eyes

glowered, his jaws opened, and his six sets of teeth looked so ready to devour them that Vergil, hastily filling his hand with the mud with which the place abounded, "cast it in his ravenous maw" and continued his personally conducted tour of the poet, leaving Cerberus to the agonies of indigestion.

Two of the canine race were admitted to Olympus. The first of these was Jupiter's dog Lelaps, wrought by Vulcan in his forge, a hunting dog of renown who, in the course of his earthly life, came into possession of the beautiful nymph Procris and followed her light and fairy footsteps in joyous companionship. Procris loved Cephalus, a young huntsman, and made herself miserable thinking that his heart was given to another. As he started on a solitary ramble, the nymph, calling Lelaps to her side, secretly followed him. The hunter, preparing his arrows for the chase, concealed behind some bushes, was calling to the happy elements that bright spring morning, "Sweet air, oh, come," and echo answered, "Come, sweet air." Procris, listening in the shadow of the trees, thought such words of tenderness were addressed to her rival. The leaves rustled, as she trembled in an agony of jealousy, and Cephalus, hearing the sound and fearing that a wild beast was about to spring upon him, drew his bow and pierced Procris in the throat.

The Florentine painter Piero di Cosimo, himself a great friend of animals, found inspiration for his

brush in "The Death of Procris," which hangs in the National Gallery and shows us Lelaps watching the dead body.

> None saw her die but Lelaps the swift hound,
> That watched her dumbly with a wistful fear,

and with a look which seems to say, "What is this change which has come upon her?"

Lelaps had other adventures. Among them was his great fight with Alopex, the fox, which so enraged Jupiter that he turned both dog and fox into marble statues, afterward propitiating Vulcan, whose wrath was aroused by Lelaps's fate, by admitting the dog into Olympus under the name of Canicule.

He had for companion in the dwelling-place of the gods Mera, the dog of Icarius. When on earth Mera followed her master, and was present when the drunken shepherds slew him and threw his body into a well. The deed done Mera sought Erigone, the Athenian's daughter, and, pulling her by her robe, dragged her to the place where her father lay. The poor girl, overcome by grief, hung herself from the nearest tree, and Mera's lifeless body was found lying in its shadow. Mera was accordingly raised to heaven under the title of Procyon (little dog).

Diana, the twin sister of Apollo, was the first patroness of hunting. No special dog is recorded

by name as having been her favorite, but, when she was in the Arcadian territory of Pan, there were presented to her some beautiful hunting dogs, who were her body-guard.

The virgin goddess, when bathing, was covertly watched by Acteon. Her wrath at this outrage was such that she turned him into a stag, and bade her hounds tear him to pieces. Diana's festival, with all its attendant rites, was shared by hunters and dogs alike.

The greatest of the Olympians, Jupiter, was saved by his mother, Rhea, from the appetite of his father, Saturn, who devoured his male children at birth, and was hidden in a cave at Crete. Here he was nourished by the nymph Œx and watched over by a golden dog, which subsequently became the guardian of the island and had a medal struck in its honor. Unfortunately it excited the cupidity of Pandarus, who stole it, and presented it to Jupiter's son, Tantalus. Shortly afterward, however, he wished to regain possession of this valuable trophy and requested its return.

"I never received it," Tantalus declared boldly.

It was time for Jupiter to intervene, and he immediately turned Pandarus into stone as a punishment for theft, and hurled Tantalus, on account of his lie, from the mountain top into the abyss.

First in fame for faithfulness stands Argus, the hound of Ulysses, king of Ithaca. A mighty hun-

ter in his happy youth, with Argus his companion in the chase, he pursued the deer and swift hares and wild goats through the woodlands.

Ulysses was summoned from peaceful pursuits to take part in the ten years' siege of Troy; and after the city fell into the hands of the Greeks, on whose side he fought, for ten years more he wandered, enduring many misfortunes, ere he returned to his island kingdom. Garbed as a beggar he set foot once more on the ground where he and Argus had roamed together. No one recognized him.

On his tramp to his home he fell in with his shepherd, Eumeus, guarding his flocks, and sought his company. As the palace came in sight he observed a miserable neglected old dog lying on a dunghill, who, when he heard the king's voice, feebly pricked his ears and wagged his tail and with a dying effort attempted to crawl to lick his long-absent master's hand. Argus's hour had struck, and Ulysses turning away his head lest Eumeus should see his tears and guess his identity, mourned the one who had not forgotten.

"I am astonished that a dog is thus left on the dung heap," he said, turning to the shepherd once more. "He is still a beautiful dog. I do not know if his lightness and his swiftness were equal to his beauty, or was he one that was only fed at the table, that princes kept through their vanity?"

"This dog," was the reply, "belonged to a master

who is dead, alas far from here. If you had seen him in his full strength as he was when Ulysses departed you would have admired his swiftness. Now he is worn out with work and with suffering and with old age, for his master is dead far from here, as I have already said. The women of the palace will not even trouble to take care of him and are allowing him to perish alone."

One of the gallant Trojan defenders was Hector, son of Hecuba, who was slain by Achilles. When Troy fell into the hands of the Greeks Ulysses carried away Hecuba as a slave. Poor Hecuba, overwhelmed with sorrow, had to be dragged away from the graves of her husband and children.

In revenge for her many wrongs and for the murder of her son, Polydorus, she assassinated the king of Thrace. Pursued by the angry populace, behind her the snowy hills of Thrace, beyond the stormy waters of the Hellespont, wounded by dart and stone, "attempting to speak out, her jaws just ready for the words," she barked, and it was in the semblance of a dog that she leaped the cliff to be engulfed in the depths.

The city of Cynomessa was built in the honor of this hapless queen, and on her monument were engraved the words, "The tomb of an unhappy dog, landmark for lost mariners."

The Northern sagas have their dog heroes.

Among them stands the Irish hound Samr, "huge of limb and for a follower equal to an able man," the gift of Olaf Paa to Gunnar. "He hath a man's wit and will bark at thine enemies, but never at thy friends. And he will see by each man's face whether he be well or ill disposed toward thee, and he will lay down his life to be true to thee."

"Samr," commanded Olaf, "from this day follow Gunnar, and do him all the service that thou canst"; and the hound went up to his new master and fawned upon him.

Gunnar had need of Samr's services, for his enemies had decided, when the hay-making time came, to take his village by surprise. As a preliminary, they forced Thorkel, the bond, in peril of his life, to undertake to capture Samr. Thorkel therefore led the marauding party as they filed along a hidden road between fences which bordered Gunnar's farmstead. On the low roof of the house Samr lay on guard, and the moment Thorkel leaped the parapet into the yard, Samr jumped upon him: his fierce attack settled the bondman's fate. An instant later Onund, the next in the file, crashed his mighty battle-ax on Samr's head. With "a great and wonderful cry" the mortally wounded dog roused Gunnar, who was sleeping in his hall: "Thou hast been sorely treated, Samr, my fosterling, and this warning is so meant that our two deaths will not be far apart."

Olaf Trygvesson the Norwegian sea-king who introduced Christianity to the Northern lands, did not consider his conversion inconsistent with pillage. His dragon ship, the *Long Worm,* its rude carvings gleaming in azure and gold, was a dreaded sight as it moored its bark on some wild coast, and the inhabitants would fly inland from the Christians, sword in hand. On one such expedition he landed in Ireland, and, encountering a beautiful hound, immediately appropriated it, named it Vigi, and returned with it to his vessel. Vigi had every qualification for a viking's dog, for he combined the courage of a fighting man with the craft of a pilot. As Olaf threaded the gloomy fiords on his double business of Christianity and crime he was sometimes ignorant of their windings.

"Take the rudder," he bade an Icelandic member of the crew.

"Not I, King Olaf," replied the sailor," it is Vigi who can steer the vessel."

And Olaf, holding Vigi's paws at the rudder, proceeded safely on his way.

Olaf fought his last fight in an encounter with a rival sea-king. As the *Long Worm* made ready for action Vigi stood in his place of honor with the chief fighters under the great mast and played his part well, till one of Olaf's men exclaimed in anguish:

"O Vigi, we have lost our master."

The dog leaped the ship's side and swam ashore, climbing on the top of the nearest hill to be on the watch for that day when, so he believed, as did Olaf's countrymen, the king would come again in his country's hour of need. Since he decided, till that happy morn dawned, to refuse all food, he succumbed to starvation.

Another Northern dog held in even greater esteem was Sor, the hound of Oistene, king of Denmark, who had the unique honor of being elected king. Oistene had laid siege to Norway's ancient capital of Drontheim, and, when it fell into his hands, in order to humiliate the citizens, he offered them a choice of monarchs: "My slave or my Sor." They elected Sor unanimously, and, having once accepted him, played the game, treating him with regal dignity, presenting him with a gold and silver collar and chain of office, and even carrying him to and from his appointments in wet weather, lest he should get his paws wet. All went well until one day the dog-king was out without a sufficient body-guard and a pack of wolves, ignorant of his high position or indifferent to it, attacked him as if he had been an ordinary member of his species and tore him to pieces.

Fingal, the hero of Irish and Scottish legends, owned Bran, of giant build and girth, savage and so strong that when his master was engaged in fighting a rival chief and did not require his assist-

ance he could chain him to an enormous boulder. One great mass of rock, near Dunolly Castle in Ireland, was used for this purpose, when his master fought the chief of the Black Danes, and bears to this day the name of Bran's Pillars.

There are two versions of Bran's end. The Irish legend tells that Bran, hunting one day in the forest of Clare, spotted a beautiful white hart and gave chase. Hour after hour he pursued her as she bounded from crag to crag till at length from a high peak she leaped into the lake beneath. Bran, breathless with pursuit, gazed down from the height, now known as the Craig an Bran, to see rising out of the misty lake a beautiful lady stretching out her arms to him with such appeal that he too took the plunge, to be forever engulfed in the siren's embrace.

The Scottish legend is less romantic. On the borders of Glen Loth in Sutherlandshire, Bran, encountering Thorp, the chieftain's dog, met more than his match and was killed in the fight. Fingal's fury that his favorite was vanquished was such that with his own hands he tore out the victor's heart, and with those same bleeding hands piled stone on stone on his favorite's grave, which bears the name Craig an Bran.

The Knights of the Round Table had their dogs. King Arthur himself owned Cavall, the hound "of deepest mouth," who hunted with his master in the

thick wet woods round Tintagel, where, till the coming of the king, the wolf and the bear and the boar had roamed unmolested to the terror of the countryside. Many were the good fights put up by Cavall, whose deep baying would send the hunted animals to seek their lair—that deep baying which was heard by Guinevere when she watched with Geraint on the knoll above the waters of Usk.

Hunting further afield in the wild country of Breconshire, Cavall, chasing the wild boar, left the print of his paw on one of the rocks. And since a cairn whose stones had volition was built on this spot, it is thought to be Cavall's grave. Should any mischievous youth remove one of the boulders it is returned by some mysterious means to the place where King Arthur had laid it.

Among King Arthur's knights was Sir Tristram, who was sent to Ireland to escort La Belle Isoud to Cornwall where her future husband, Mark, king of Lyonesse, was awaiting her. With them journeyed Tristram's little bratchet, Hodain, the gift of a daughter of the king of France.

On their fateful voyage by mischance they drank of that magic draft which was forever to bind the destinies of these three together. On parting with his loved Isoud, Tristram gave her Hodain, who owed allegiance to them both and himself left the court.

King Mark was not unaware of Tristram's love.

THE DEATH OF PROCRIS, BY PIERO DE COSIMO

National Gallery

One day he discovered a man unconscious and unclothed in a wood, and had him carried to Tintagel, and laid in the hall. We read in the "Morte d'Arthur" how, as soon as "this little bratchet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leapt upon him and licked his tears and his ears, and she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and his hands, and on all parts of the body that she might come to."

"Ah, my lady," said Dame Brangwaine unto La Belle Isoud.

"Alas! Alas!" said she, "I see it is my own lord, Sir Tristram."

And thereupon Isoud fell into a swoon, and so lay a great while. And when she might speak, she said:

"My Lord Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life, and now I am sure ye shall be discovered by this little bratchet, for she will never leave you, and also I am sure as my lord, King Mark, do know you he will banish you out of the country of Cornwall." Then the queen departed, but the bratchet would not from them and bayed at them all. Therewithal Sir Andred spake and said:

"Sir, this is Sir Tristram, I see by the bratchet."

"Nay," said the king, "I cannot suppose that."

But when he was convinced of the identity of the man he had rescued, he sentenced him to ten years' banishment from the country of Cornwall.

Sir Tristram journeyed to Wales to the land of

the great Duke Gilian, who did all he could to rouse him from his sad thoughts. One day he invited him into his private room and his servants brought in a tiny dog, bearing round its neck on a golden chain a little bell that tinkled so sweetly that the knight's grief was assuaged. For it was a fairy dog, a gift to Gilian from the Duke of Avalon, and its bell was a charm against pain. "And as Sir Tristram stroked the little thing, the dog that took away his sorrow, he saw how delicate it was and fine, and how it had soft hair like samite; and he thought how good a gift it would make for the Queen. But he dared not ask for it right out for he knew that the Duke loved this dog beyond everything in the world." The land was molested by a hairy gaint Urgan, and the duke promised Sir Tristram, if he could rid his territory of this monster, he should have for his reward whatever he should ask. Tristram did battle with the giant and overcame him and as a recompense requested the little fairy dog.

"Friend," said the duke, "take it then, but in taking it you take away all my joy."

The knight was so desirous to please Isoud that he accepted the gift, and sent it to her at Tintagel. Her delight was great when she beheld the dainty little creature. She ordered the goldsmith to make her a tiny kennel, set with jewels and enamel, and she carried her new possession about with her, happy now after much sorrow.

At first she thought her joy was owing to the fact that she bore with her the gift of her knight, but when she found it was due to the magic bell she refused such consolation, since he could not share it, and threw the bauble out of the open window into the sea.

The lovers met again to end their tragic story and find the happiness of death together. Their bodies were brought to Cornwall to be buried, and as Sir Tristram lay in the chapel, Hodain who had made his way thither, unheeding the stags with which the woods abounded, sought admittance and remained on vigil by his master's body till it was laid in earth.

In the medieval romance of Sir Triamour we have another instance of a dog's relentless memory. Arados, king of Aragon, sets forth on a pilgrimage for the Holy Land, leaving his wife, unaware that she is with child, in the charge of his steward Marrock. This evil genius of the story promptly makes love to the queen, and as his attentions are as promptly spurned, he meditates a subtle revenge. On the monarch's return he tactfully informs him that the expected infant is not of the king's begetting, and that the father is a knight who will no longer trouble the court with his amorous adventures, for the steward has slain him.

Othello himself is outdistanced by Arados's credulity. He refuses to believe his wife's plea of in-

nocence and banishes the poor lady from court, with old Sir Roger to act as her body-guard. Thus sorrowfully she leaves the palace, supported by the knight, with his dog in their wake. Marrock, not yet satisfied and still desirous of the lady, waylays the little party when they have traveled but a short distance. The queen manages to escape but old Sir Roger is killed, and Marrock returns to his stewardship. The hound digs his master's grave, and the queen reappears to lay the faithful knight in the ground. She bids the animal follow her, for she must seek some shelter; but he refuses to leave the spot, and she travels on alone, shortly afterward giving birth to Sir Triamour. The dog remains by the grave-side year in year out, seeking his food in the forest, and as time goes on searching further and further afield for sustenance. On the seventh Christmas after the murder he reappears in the hall of the king of Aragon, who has a dim recollection that he has seen him before. Daily he makes the pilgrimage from the copse to the castle to obtain food, and the king's curiosity is roused. He calls for his steward to bid him accompany the canine visitor to his lair. The result of the meeting between the hound and the murderer can readily be guessed, and Marrock's mauled and lifeless body bears witness to his guilt. The king seeks Sir Roger's grave and removes the remains to a more honorable resting-place, and the hound, his work ac-

complished, dies on his master's tomb. All which fortunately paves the way for a happy ending and a reunited king and queen.

The Gabriel hounds, known also as *eu Mammau* (dogs of the fairies), *Cwynbir* (sky dogs), and *Cyn Anwyn* (couriers of hell), were spirit hounds of ill omen who rode the clouds. An old man told Wordsworth, who recorded it in a poem, that he had frequently seen the Gabriel hounds sweeping overhead. Far away a droning sound is heard in the air, and as it comes nearer it grows in volume and intensity till it resembles the baying of a bloodhound. The village folk strain their eyes and watch the flying pack, with deep misgiving, since their flight over a house presages the death of one of its inmates.

CHAPTER II

HOUNDS OF HEAVEN

THE twilight of the gods was to come: a mightier power and a stronger was to dethrone the dwellers in Olympus. Of the destiny of dogs under Christianity there is a conflict of opinion. On the balance of evidence the church finds little place for the friends of man in the many mansions.

The argument for their presence in the City of Pure Gold rests on St. Peter's trance, in which he saw heaven opened and a sheet let down to earth "wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth." On the other hand St. John the Divine saw, in a vision, without the gem-studded gates of the New Jerusalem, dogs in most undesirable human company.

It was the Eastern idea, for in the East they acted as scavengers and were considered as pariahs, dwelling in herds on the outskirts of the cities. The Old Testament emphasizes the contempt in which they were held, and the only ones that obtain fame have the unpleasant task to perform of fulfilling the prophecy, "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

In the Apocrypha we find at least a semi-biblical dog with a claim to consideration. Young Tobias, the son of blind Tobit, sent by his father on a journey to Medea, was accompanied by an angel, "and the young man's dog was with them."

The Mohammedan heaven is more hospitable to animals, for the prophet admitted his camel, Balaam's ass, the mule which Christ rode on his journey to Jerusalem, and the dog of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

These seven youths, in order to escape persecution, set forth to seek some place of shelter, and on their travels they met a shepherd-dog, large as an ass, Kitmer by name. They would have driven him off, but God gave him the power of speech, and he delivered his message: "I love those who are dear unto God: go to sleep therefore and I will guard you."

The young men traveled on till they came to the cavern at El Rakeem, and here they sought such repose as Rip van Winkle himself might have envied.

"And thou wouldst have deemed them awake, though they were sleeping, and we turned them to the right and to the left. And at the threshold lay their dog with paws outstretched."

Kitmer too slept with his eyes open, and turned from side to side as the years went by, "lest lying on the ground should consume his flesh."

After three centuries of slumber the young men

awoke and Kitmer awoke too, and, when shortly afterward they were raised to heaven, Kitmer, as a reward for his vigilance, bore them company.

The canine race had its patron saints, first among them St. Eustace, a Roman by birth, a soldier by profession (captain of the guard to the Emperor Trajan), whose favorite diversion was hunting. When out with his hounds he saw a vision of a milk-white stag, between its horns the form of the Holy Cross, "shining more clear than the sun, and the image of Christ, which, by the mouth of the hart, spoke thus: 'Why dost thou pursue me? I am Christ, whom thou hast hitherto served without knowing me. Dost thou now believe?' 'I believe,' replied the soldier, who from henceforth followed the Voice."

The cult of St. Eustace was largely in the south of Europe: in the north St. Hubert was the tutelary saint. He was of a noble family of Aquitaine and had spent his youth in worldly pursuits, and was so devoted to the chase that he would even go hunting on holy days. One Good Friday, seeking sport in the Forest of Ardennes, he too saw a vision of a milk-white stag, a crucifix between its horns, and he too remained faithful after his conversion to the dogs he had loved. He rose to clerical eminence, became a bishop, and when he died at Liège his body lay in state till it was translated with

great pomp to the abbey of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, the emperor himself, with a retinue of hunting men and hounds, accompanying it on its last journey.

On November 3, the day set apart for his festival, pilgrims would travel to the abbey from distant parts, to obtain his blessing on themselves and their dogs. Miracles were performed at his shrine, and little cakes consecrated on that hallowed spot were given to the hunting dogs as an antidote for hydrophobia, the efficacy of which lasted till the next red-letter day in his honor. It was even said that the blessed food was a cure for the dread disease.

A later patron, St. Roche, first saw the light toward the end of the thirteenth century at Montpelier in Languedoc. Born with the sign of the cross on his breast, he needed no sudden conversion to turn him to holy things. Directly he reached man's estate he distributed his rich inheritance among the poor, and, garbed as a monk, traveled throughout the country, ministering to the peasantry. He had for sole companion a dog, who is always depicted in representations of this saint.

Europe was then stricken with the pestilence, and Roche, whose very touch brought healing, labored among the sick till he too was smitten. The spiritual physician could not heal himself. Knowing

that his last hour was drawing near and not wishing to be a burden to the hospital where he served, he called his dog to him and painfully crawled along the streets of the city till he came to the outlying woods, where he lay down to die. The faithful hound was aware that his master was now solely dependent on him and, leaving him asleep, went off to seek aid.

Not far distant was the castle of the noble Lord of Plaisance, who, together with some of his boon companions, had forsaken the town for the country to escape the infection. They were carousing at table when a strange dog entered, went up to the board, helped himself to a loaf, and walked out. The company, amused at the first theft, were astonished when the same thing happened day after day. "I will follow him," announced the lord, "and discover for what purpose he steals so regularly."

The following morning, as the culprit, with its booty in its maw, trotted off, he followed it till he saw it drop the food at the feet of a prostrate man, lying on the ground, sheltered by the overhanging branches of the trees, the dog tenderly licking his helpless friend.

The Lord of Plaisance was so moved by this devotion and by the saint's holiness that the dying man was made happy by the knowledge that this worldling would forsake all and follow his footsteps when he had gone.

St. Roche, his dying eyes resting on his dog, commended his soul to God, and

> Exempt de blâme,
> Il rendit l'âme
> En bon chrétien
> Dans les bras de son chien.

"The Golden Legend" gives a different account of the part a dog played in St. Roche's life, for in that story his good Samaritan was not his own companion but a hound belonging to a God-fearing nobleman, Gotard. Daily it went to the board to purloin a supply of bread and made off with it to some lair of its own, at which he marveled greatly, "as did all the household. And the next dinner he set a delicate loaf on the board, which anon the hound in his new manner took away and bare to St. Roche." Gotard followed him, and watched him deliver his booty. The saint, in his unselfishness, bade the noble depart at once for fear he too should catch the pestilence, and Gotard returned home, where, "by God's grace, he said thus to himself: 'This poor man, whom I have left in the wood and desert, certainly is the man of God, sith this hound, without reason, bringeth him bread.' "

A dog played its part in the conversion of St. Margaret of Cordona, who, being scantily endowed with this world's goods, and ignoring the treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, sought to

better her fortunes by leaving home with her lover and her dog. For a time the trio lived happily together, and all went well till the lover decided to go on a long journey and take the dog with him. Shortly afterward his companion returned alone. Margaret wondered to see her canine friend, and, as time passed and her human friend failed to return, she called the dog to her and bade him accompany her. This was what he wanted and, leading the way, he brought her to a distant wood, where, covered with leaves, lay the murdered corpse of the one she sought. The shock turned her from a courtesan to a Christian and a nun, who in old woodcuts is represented in conventual garb, her dog by her side, gazing down at a skull.

The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem drove the Turks from the fertile, fruitful island of Rhodes but were not left in undisputed possession of the beautiful country, for a mighty dragon challenged their claim, ravaging the land. Yet so dangerous was the beast that the master of the order forbade any of his knights to go forth into battle against it. One of them, Dieu Donné, bolder than the rest, disobeyed, and, accompanied by a body-guard of twelve hounds, sought the destroyer in his lair. The fearful monster, lashing his scaly tail, with his eyes gleaming, made short work of eleven of the hounds, and, having wounded the sole survivor, Sans Peur, turned his attention to the knight, attacking him

with such ferocity that he was all but undone. In this moment of peril Sans Peur turned himself on the beast and, as he turned to grapple with him, enabled Dieu Donné to free himself and, with a sword-thrust, sent the dragon to his doom.

The knight and Sans Peur returned to spread the glad tidings and to be jointly acclaimed as the saviors of the island.

It was given to Francis Thompson in our own day to pay the highest tribute that has ever been paid to the canine race in making "The Hound of Heaven" a symbol of Christ himself hunting for the wayward human soul.

CHAPTER III

IN GREECE AND ROME

THE Greeks and Romans held dogs in esteem and had them as companions. Alcibiades possessed a valuable specimen of the race, of great beauty and wonderful strength, for which he had paid a large sum. To judge from an ancient piece of statuary by the Greek sculptor Minos, it was of a Newfoundland type. The hound was allowed to ramble at will in the outskirts of Athens, even when he was wearing the magnificent golden collar with which his proud master had adorned him. One afternoon he was held up by five highwaymen who attempted to relieve him of this costly appendage. He gave a good account of four of them and they beat a hasty retreat; regarding the fifth as his hostage and without further molesting him, he dragged him by the coat tails through the city to present him to his master.

Alcibiades's love for his dog was exceeded by his capriciousness. One day the citizens, who had been growing increasingly restive under his sway, gaped and gazed as they met, walking the streets, the fine

animal, denuded of its magnificent tail. Surely it must be some act of revenge on the part of one of the Athenian's enemies. Not so, his friends found out, when they came to him and inquired: "Why have you done this monstrous thing? You have ruined your favorite's beauty. Everybody is talking about it and blaming you."

Alcibiades was speechless for a moment, roaring with laughter.

"That is just what I wanted. The Athenians will be so busy tittle-tattling about it that they will have no time to say anything worse about me."

The dog did not bear a grudge and, when his master passed finally into exile, accompanied him, and was with him when his house was fired and he himself, endeavoring to escape from the burning ruin, laid low by a hail of arrows. The dog by his side, bearing in his mouth a bundle of important papers, did not escape injury, but, forgetting his own pain and dropping the packet at his master's feet, attempted to draw the darts from the bleeding body.

We have to wait more than a hundred years before another famous dog appears upon the scene—a dog whose exploits had something of the epic qualities of those of his renowned master, Alexander the Great.

When that monarch was traveling toward the Indies there was presented to him by the king of

Albania one of the last of the renowned dogs of that country. In "the excellent and pleasant work of Julius Solinus Polyhistor," we read that "The dogges that are bredde in this countrey, excel all other beastes, for they pull down Bulles, kill Lyons, and hold whatsoever they are put to."

Alexander, delighted with the animal's reputation and appearance, decided to put him to an immediate test and ordered bears, wild boars, and deer to be let loose. The dog refused to stir and regarded them with the utmost contempt. "The noble spirit of the general," Pliny the Elder tells us, "became irritated by the sluggishness thus manifested by an animal of such vast bulk, and he ordered it to be killed."

This was reported to the king of Albania, who, though annoyed that his gift had met so summary an end, sent another, with a message to the effect that it was to be tried, not against small animals but against the lion and the elephant, adding that if this one met with the same fate the race would be extinct.

A lion was accordingly procured, and Alexander had the satisfaction to see it torn to pieces in an instant. He then ordered an elephant to be brought, and never was he more delighted with any spectacle; for the dog, bristling up its hair all over the body, began by thundering forth a loud barking, and then attacked the animal, leaping at it first on

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL, BY BOTTICELLI
Florence

one side and then on the other, attacking it in the most skilful manner, and then again retreating at the opportune moment, until at last the elephant, being rendered quite giddy by turning round and round, fell to earth and made it quite reëcho with its fall. The noise that the victor made was far more terrible than the roaring of a lion.

It was in grief at the loss of one of his dogs, probably this one, that Alexander erected the town of Perite with temples in its honor.

One of Alexander's generals, King Lysimachus, fell in battle on the plain of Corus. His dog Hyrcanus, who had been watching the body as it was borne to the funeral pyre and the fire kindled beneath it, leaped into the flames and perished by the side of the king. Two other dogs, as recorded by Pliny, immolated themselves in like manner: Pyrrhus, whose master was the tyrant Gelon, and the hound of Hiero, king of Syracuse.

Fidelity which took another and less praiseworthy form was shown by a very large dog of Molossian breed belonging to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, whose devotion to his master was such that he could not bear a rival, and consequently was extremely jealous of the king's wife, Consingis. She must have been unaware of the extent to which this passion dominated the dog's nature; otherwise she would not have embraced her husband in the dog's presence. In its fury it savagely attacked her and

mauled her so badly that she succumbed to her injuries.

The earliest story of a dog recognizing his master's murderer dates from the reign of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, in the third century B. C. A certain slave for some unknown reason had been done to death by two men, when they met him on a lonely road. His dog, who was with him and sole witness, remained by the body. The king passed that way on a royal progress, and, observing the animal by the side of the corpse, bade his charioteers halt. "Bury the body," he commanded, "and bring the dog to me."

Some time elapsed: the dog remained with his new master, and accompanied him when he went to a review of his troops. As two of the soldiers marched smartly past, the animal flew at them with such fury that he all but tore them to pieces. No further evidence was needed, for, in order to escape from the dog, the criminals confessed their guilt.

While Pliny was writing his "Natural History" the Roman poet Martial was engaged in composing his "Epigrams." In one of them he honors Publius's little Issa, and no modern dog lover could exceed him in the gentle praise he gives to this charming little creature. More pure than the kiss of a dove, more loving than any maiden, her wistful complaints were given in such a tone that her voice was almost human. She felt both the sorrow and

the gladness of her master and slept by his side. She did not even desire to mate and Martial declares that no mate would be worthy of so tender a being. Publius had her portrait painted,—lost in the limbo of long ago,—but the poet's graceful verse has kept her memory green.

In Pliny's own day, in the consulship of Appius Junius, Titus Sabinus was put to death with his slaves for conspiracy in a plot. The dog belonging to one of the offenders refused to leave the prison. When the criminal had paid the penalty with his life and his body was flung down the Germoniæ,—the steps of wailing,—the dog leaped over and stood howling by his side, "in the presence of vast multitudes of people; and when some one threw a piece of bread to it, the animal carried it to the mouth of its master." The body was subsequently thrown into the Tiber: the dog jumped after it, swam to its side, and endeavored to bring it to land. Crowds on the banks watched its pathetic unavailing efforts till the flowing current of the yellow river bore dog and master out of sight forever.

Pliny perished when Pompeii was destroyed by the great eruption of Vesuvius. When that ancient town was excavated in the eighteenth century, among the discoveries was that of the skeleton of a dog, lying prone across the body of a child. Its silver collar bore the name of its master, Severinos, and its name, Delta, and recorded the fact that it

had saved its owner's life in strangling a wolf that had fiercely attacked him on the outskirts of Herculaneum.

Perchance Pliny had met Delta in the brave days of old.

CHAPTER IV

COMRADES OF KINGS

I

APART from the hounds of the legendary Knights of the Round Table, we have no reference to a famous British dog till the time when the Welsh chieftain Caradoc divided his kingdom among his four sons.

History tells of the lack of harmony in what should have been a quadruple alliance, and of the fight between Owen ap Caradoc and his brother Cadwallon. The former, so Giraldus, a chronicler of the time, records, had a champion in his greyhound, "large, beautiful, and curiously spotted with a variety of colors," who, when Cadwallon "through inveterate malice attacked Owen," fought on his master's side, received seven wounds from arrows and lances, and "did much injury to the enemy and assassins." Owen fell that day, but the dog, tended by the rude surgery of the time, recovered, and was taken charge of by William, Earl of Gloucester, who, "in testimony of so great and extraordinary a deed," presented him to the king of England,

Henry II. This monarch greatly valued the hero as belonging to the brotherhood "that binds the brave of all the earth."

When Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, enjoyed a temporary lull in the struggle with Edward I, he took pleasure in hunting and hawking. Of an imperious nature, he brooked neither competition nor contradiction, as his retinue well knew. He appointed a great hunting to take place on the Pentland Hills, and the nobles turned out in large numbers, expecting three days' pastime. Bruce confessed to them that even the swiftness of his hounds had been unable to run a white deer to earth.

"It must be supernatural," said he, "for it can be overtaken by no mortal dog. If any of you have hounds that can succeed where mine have failed will you try them?"

There was no answer; but shortly afterward William St. Claire, chatting with his fellow-sportsmen, wagered his head that his two red fallow hounds, Help and Hold, would bring down the deer before it had crossed the Pentland Brook.

The boast was reported to Bruce, who, indignant that the prowess of his dogs should be challenged, "would have him abide by his word, and laid against his head all Pentland Hills and Pentland Moor with the Forest."

The hunting men were bidden bind up their hounds and keep them quiet lest they should start

the deer, as St. Claire took Help and Hold to his chosen starting-point. He prayed to Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine to save him from danger, and he had no sooner risen from his knees than the deer, roused by two bloodhounds, was seen bounding over the hills. Help and Hold were released in hot pursuit. The king and the knight followed the chase on their gallant steeds, their pulses throbbing with excitement as the hunted animal sped toward the bourne. The tension was such that Sir William leaped from his horse, and, feeling the executioner's ax unpleasantly close to his neck, entreated Christ to have mercy on his soul. As he rose he strained his eyes toward the gleaming stream to see the white hart make ready for the final spring. At this instant Hold leaped upon her, and seized her by the leg, and, Help coming up just in time, together they dragged her back to the near side of the brook and summarily despatched her.

"The King, seeing this, came and embraced Sir William, and gave him those lands in free forestrie." Thus was founded the fortune of the St. Claires.

Sir William's adventurous career closed fighting the Saracens in Spain. His body was brought back to England and laid with the kinsmen of his lordly line in Rosslyn Chapel. On his tomb is the effigy of a knight in full armor, a greyhound at his feet.

Another hound was to play a part in King Robert Bruce's life, one that had once been his property, and after his murder of Comyn came, as we read in Barbour's ballad, into the possession of his "foeman fell," John of Lorn. The latter, knowing full well that the bloodhound would follow in the king's trail, used him to track him down; and Bruce, aware of the danger, dispersed his followers and, accompanied by none but his foster-brother, attempted to make good his escape. Still the hound pursued closer and yet closer on his track, and five of Lorn's men came up with him, to be summarily despatched. The danger was not over, and Bruce, who had heard that the only way to put a hound off the scent is to wade through water, coming to a river jumped in with his companion and lived to fight again and to win the Battle of Bannockburn. But the hound, at least so it is asserted, was never again to play the traitor's part, for an archer's arrow settled his quest.

Sir William Wallace was hunted in the same way, as we read in the ballad of Blind Harry the Minstrel. Pursued by six hundred English troops, with a bloodhound of a famous breed from Gillsland on his trail, the Scottish patriot fled toward Elcho Park. His pursuers were all but on him when one of his followers, Fawdoun, refused to go any further, and Wallace, suspecting treachery, struck off his head and continued to flee. And when the

bloodhound soon after reached the spot where lay the murdered man he too refused to go further, and Wallace made good his escape.

So few are the exceptions to a dog's unswerving loyality to his master, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, that the desertion of Richard II's greyhound, Mathe, stands out as a dark cloud against the radiant sky. Froissart records how when that unfortunate king was imprisoned in Flint Castle Mathe was his companion, rode with him, caressed him, and knew no man else.

The day came when the successful intriguer Henry Bolingbroke was ushered into the king's presence to bid him prepare for a journey to London. The castle was surrounded: there were "banners and pennons in the valley"; Richard's reign was all but over. Mathe was not present at the interview but bounded in at its close, neglected his stricken master, and fawned on the usurper.

"What does this mean?" asked Bolingbroke, for he had never seen the hound before.

"Cousin," replied the king, "it is a good token for you and an evil sign for me."

"Sir, how know you that?"

"I know it well; the greyhound cheers you to-day as king of England as you shall be and I shall be deposed. Mathe has this knowledge naturally. Therefore take you him; he will follow you and forsake me."

The prophecy was fulfilled. The duke cherished the greyhound "who would never follow King Richard, but followed the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men."

As Bolingbroke lay dying his son Henry took the symbol of royalty from the cushion by his side and placed it on his own head, to wear it with glory as victor in the wars with Europe. After he had decided to assert his unwarranted claim to the sovereignty of that country he sent heralds to summon the nobility to follow the banner of St. George.

One courier, riding in hot haste from London town, had for his destination the ancient seat of Sir Piers Legh at Lyme Hall in Cheshire. Merriment was afoot when his arrival was announced, and the wedding festivities were changed into active preparations for departure and for the parting which was to "press the life from out those young hearts." Sir Piers, as he left his home under the shelter of the Derbyshire moors, had in his retinue his noble mastiff bitch, broad-chested, the yellow coat set off by the black ears and muzzle and the soft brown of the eyes.

Together they crossed the channel and made ready for battle on the eve of Agincourt. Other mastiffs must have accompanied their masters on that great day, for Shakspere in "Henry V" puts into the mouth of the French noble *Ramburres* these words:

"That island breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage."

And so it was proved on the field where Sir Piers Legh was left wounded at the close of the day. As he lay there, a prey to the camp-followers who prowled among the dead and dying, his mastiff valiantly defended him from robbery and further attack. English soldiers, seeking the dead for burial, found the knight still breathing, and he was tended and sent to Paris where he succumbed to his injuries. The mastiff followed in the funeral train and returned with his head master to his own country and to Lyme, to be, so it is said, the ancestor of the famous breed of Lyme mastiffs. In the window of the grand drawing-room at the hall, amid the blaze of heraldry, is a portrait of Sir Piers and his dog.

Henry VIII allowed neither greyhounds, mastiffs, nor any dogs at court except by special permission, and even then they had to be kept outside in kennels or other suitable places, so that the palace may be "swete, wholesome, cleane, and well furnished as to a prince's house and state doth apertyne."

Sumptuary laws were not enforced, at any rate as to his own dogs Cutte and Belle, whose collars, as recorded in the inventory of Henry's belongings, were crimson velvet, with lyhams of white leather, and white velvet embroidered with pearls, and a

swivel of silver. Whether Cutte was wearing this adornment when he was lost in the forest of Waltham is not recorded, but if so the reward of four shillings and sixpence, bestowed on the poor woman who restored him to his owner, does not err on the side of generosity.

Henry may have been absent-minded at a time when he was seeking any excuse to separate from Katherine of Aragon. He showered favors on Anne Boleyn's family, and sent her father, the Earl of Wiltshire, on an embassy to Rome to try to influence the pope to allow the divorce. The earl's spaniel accompanied him on his travels and to the audience at the Vatican. The pope was sitting on high "in his cloth of estate, and his rich apparel with sandals on his feet." Foxe, in "The Book of Martyrs," revels in the account of the unfortunate interview. The pope offered the English envoys his foot to be kissed. The Earl of Wiltshire and others refused to perform this act of homage.

Howbeit one thing is not here to be omitted, as a prognosticate of our separation from the see of Rome, which then chanced by a spaniel of the Earl of Wiltshire, which came out of England with him, and stood directly between the Earl and the Bishop of Rome, when the said Bishop had advanced forth his feet to be kissed. Now whether the spaniel perceived the Bishop's foot of another nature than it ought to be, and so taking it to be some kind of repast—or whether

it was the will of God to show some token by a dog unto the bishop of his inordinate pride, that his feet were more meet to be bitten of dogs than kissed of Christian men—the spaniel . . . went directly to the Pope's feet, and not only kissed the same unmannerly, but, as some plainly reported and affirmed, took fast with his mouth the great toe of the Pope, so that in haste he pulled in his glorious feet from the spaniel: whereat our men smiling in their sleeves, what they thought God knoweth.

The pontiff's guard, indignant at the sacrilege, made short work of the spaniel, to the earl's great indignation. Negotiations were broken off, and some assert it was the dog's doing that England separated from Rome.

The ladies in waiting had special privileges as to keeping pets at court. When Anne Boleyn became maid of honor to Queen Katherine, she was appointed a woman servant and a spaniel as her attendants, with ample rations for the latter. She had brought over from France with her a great dog, Urien, probably a wolf-hound. Henry's growing interest in her is recorded as an item of his privy purse account, June 25 1530: "10s paid by the King for a cow that Urien, Anne's Breton greyhound had killed."

When Anne became queen she had another favorite, little Purboy, who met with a fatal accident. None of her ladies cared to break the news, and the

king himself went into her chamber and comforted her in her grief.

Greater griefs were overshadowing the unhappy queen, and when her short reign was drawing to its close she would sit in the quadrangle of Greenwich Palace, with no other distraction to her sad thoughts than watching her little dogs gamboling and fighting together.

Among the gallant courtiers at the coronation of her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, was Sir Henry Lee, who made a vow of chivalry that on every anniversary of that day he would tilt in her honor to maintain her beauty, worth, and dignity against all comers. Once in his life he needed a champion of his own.

He lived for the greater part of the year at his country mansion of Ditchley in Buckinghamshire, where an enormous mastiff, some say of the Lyme breed, guarded the courtyard. One night, to Sir Henry's surprise, the giant fellow insisted on accompanying him upstairs to his room, lying stretched under the great canopied bed on which his master lay sleeping.

Shortly after midnight the low growling of the dog woke him, and before he had time to spring upon the floor he heard a terrified cry. Who was the intruder for whom the dog had lain in wait? Directly he obtained light he recognized his Italian valet, shrieking to be released from the mastiff's

maw. Sir Henry pulled the dog off, and the wretch struggled to his feet.

"What business have you here?" inquired the knight, and the culprit, too cowed to lie, tremblingly replied:

"I came to rob and murder you."

From that day forward the mastiff held an honored place in the household. Sir Henry had his portrait painted with the dog by his side, and underneath were inscribed the words, "more faithful than favored."

Sir Henry Lee, as an old man, figures in Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock," and so does the mastiff, Bevis. When in 1652 a solemn thanksgiving was held in the parish church of Woodstock for the victory of Worcester.

The eyes of the yeoman and peasant sought in vain the tall form of old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, as wrapped in his lace cloak, and with beard and whiskers duly composed, he moved slowly through the aisles, followed by the faithful mastiff, or bloodhound, which in old time had saved his master by his fidelity and which regularly followed him to church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb, which avers, "He is a good dog which goes to church"; for, bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them.

2

Henry VIII's contemporary in Scotland, James V, received from his nephew, the Earl of Huntly, a hound named Bawtie. When the new-comer arrived, Basche, another hound, was a great favorite and slept on the gold coverlet of the king's bed, and was fed on delicacies from the royal table. Unhappily the dog, being haughty and arrogant by nature, made life unbearable to the other canine courtiers.

> No dog durst from my dinner scare me
> When I was tender with the king.

Basche, careful to please his master, cared for none else, but his crimes were such that at last they came to James's ears. He worried yearling sheep, fought and killed other dogs, and chased five foals through the brushwood till, in their terror, they jumped into a bog and were drowned.

Thus he fell out of favor and was banished from the royal bedroom into a kennel in the yard, and his place in the palace was taken by Bawtie. Lyndsay, a poet of the time, interpreted his feelings in "The Complaint of Basche, the King's Hound," which contains a good deal of shrewd advice to those who are overbearing when basking in

TOMB OF SIR WILLIAM ST. CLAIRE
Rosyln Chapel

the sunshine of a prince's smiles. Basche, depressed by his downfall, urges Bawtie, when she stands highest in the king's esteem, to be fair to other dogs. "Don't rob them or chase them from their place of repose . . . and of thyself presume nothing, except that thou art a brutal beist." If Bawtie took all this sound counsel to heart, she no doubt continued to sleep on the king's coverlet to the end of her days.

This king's ill-starred daughter, Mary, queen of Scots, found solace in her solitude during her long imprisonment in England in the companionship of doves and dogs. "My only pleasure is in all the little dogs I can get," she wistfully wrote, and when she had charming puppies gamboling around her her one fear was that they would grow large.

One of these little companions was a Skye terrier, who was with her in Fotheringay, where her long captivity drew to its close. He was present in that dread yet welcome hour when the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were announced, bearing from her "tender cousin," Queen Elizabeth, the warrant for her execution on the morrow.

She spent the vigil in the velvet-hung bedchamber, where she had passed so many sad hours. The Skye, no doubt, hearing the tap-tap-tapping in the great hall beyond, where the scaffold was being erected, had a premonition of danger—a danger

from which he could not save his loved mistress.

The following morning the queen was almost in a merry mood as she bade her maidens attire her as for a festival. The little Skye watched and waited till the procession passed out of the bedchamber and, unperceived, followed in its wake. As the queen ascended the platform he crept to her side and hid himself in the regal robes she wore as queen dowager of France. As his mistress laid her head on the block he moved yet closer, sheltering in the folds of her gown. The head fell under the executioner's ax and one of the two hundred onlookers observed the little fellow move and cry.

The great hall was cleared of spectators, and the executioners made ready to prepare the queen's body for burial. One of them, plucking off her garters, found the little dog, soaked in her blood, still nestling by her side. He tried to remove him but he "could not be gotten off but with force, and afterwards would not depart from the corpse, and came and laid between her head and shoulders." He was taken away at last, washed, and cared for, and a noble lady of France offered him a home. But he refused all further relationship with human kind, and so passed

> The little dog that licked her hand, the last of
> all the crowd
> Which sunned themselves beneath her glance,
> and round her footsteps bowed.

Her son, James I, inherited her love for dogs; his favorite hound Jewell was his constant companion on his hunting expeditions. James and his queen, when on a royal progress, stopped for a fortnight at Theobalds for the purpose of sport, and Jewell was naturally included as a member of the retinue. Unfortunately the queen was not a sure marksman, and, aiming at a deer, shot Jewell in the heart. The king, coming on his dead favorite, exclaimed in anger:

"Who has done this?"

No courtier said a word, and the queen herself, in faltering accents, confessed.

"I did it; it was an accident."

James, who for once in his life seems quite lovable, forgot his indignation to console his spouse:

"Do not be troubled; I shall love you none the less."

The following day, in token of his affection for his dog as much as for his wife, he gave her a diamond worth two thousand pounds as a legacy from Jewell.

A short time afterward the Archbishop of Canterbury had the misfortune to miss his mark and shoot the keeper.

"Do not worry," his friends urged in consolation. "Such a mishap might occur to any one. Did not the queen accidentally shoot the best dog the king ever had?"

James's next favorite was Jowler, an excellent hound at his business. In those days royal visitors were not an unmixed blessing to the country folk among whom they stayed, for, without fee or reward, they had to provide for the king and his staff.

On one occasion the king, who had arranged for a day's sport, heard to his annoyance, on starting out, that Jowler had disappeared. The dog did not return till the following day, when he fawned on his master with every sign of pleasure. James observed a paper tied to his collar, and, unfastening it, he read:

Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speake to the Kinge (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us) that it will please His Majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undoon, and all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him longer.

"A pretty jest," laughed the courtiers, and the king stayed another fortnight.

James's eldest son, Prince Henry, had for his tutor Sir John Harrington, the poet and translator of Ariosto. The boy must have been fond of dogs, to judge from the letters Sir John wrote him, recording the deeds of his "rare dogge Bungey." The spaniel's portrait adorns the title-piece of the folio edition of Harrington's "Orlando Furioso," and Harrington chose as his device a spaniel, lik-

ing, as he said, the modesty of it, and also "because I fancie the Spaniell so much, whose picture is in this devise, and if anie make merie at it (as I doubt not but some will) I shall not be sorie for it; for one end of my travell in this worke, is to make my friends merie."

Bungey's exploits must be told in Harrington's own words:

I will even give a briefe historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in good soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verities. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's Horse, I will match my Dogge [Bungey] against him for good carriage; for if he did not beare a greate *Prince* on his backe, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater *Princesse* on his necke.

I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklings wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe [Bath, Somersetshire] to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and come safe to the Bathe, or my home here at Kelstone, with goodly returns from such nobilities as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever told our Ladie Queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his high trusts, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sacke wine from the Bathe to my house by my man

Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken, but my trustie bearer did now beare himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the howse; after whiche he went forthe and returnede with the other parts of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvell and doubte; but he have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes, and espiede his worke, and nowe live to tell they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refraine, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

I need not saie how much I did once grieve at missinge this dogge; for on my journie towards Londonne, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's; where (in a happie houre) after six weekes I did heare of him; but suche was the court he did pay to the Don that he was no less in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to any claim or challenge, till I rested my suite on the Dogge's own proofes, and made him performe such feates before the nobles assembled as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created muche mirthe; but muche more when he returned at my commandment to the table and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to

accepte it, and come homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem.* I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towards the Bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawnings and courtinge my notice, than what I had observed for time backe; and, after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny breake and died in a short time.

This I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as may suggest much more to your Highness' thought of this Dogge. But, having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat to you in verse, as you may finde hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dog Argus, and Tobit be led by that dog whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey (for so he was styled) as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters from London to Greenwich, more than a hundred miles [sic]. As I doubt not your Highnesse would love my Dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again saie, that of all the Dogges near your father's Courte, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find a bone of contention.

Harrington one day struck his wife's dog, because it barked at him. The little episode was the occasion of the charming verses:

> I made him cry,
> And straight you put your finger in your eye
> And low'ring sate; I ask'd the reason why.
> "Love me, love my Dog," thou didst reply:
> "Love, both should be lov'd." "I will," said I,
> And seal'd it with a kisse. Then by and by
> Clear'd were the clouds of thy fair frowning skye.

Charles I inherited the Stuart love of dogs, though there is but slight mention by Sir Philip Warwick of his greyhound Gipsey. When Warwick was with Charles I at Newport the dog scratched at the door.

"Open it," commanded the king.

Gipsey bounded in to her master. "Sir," said Warwick, "I perceive that you love a greyhound better than you do a spaniel."

"Yes," was the reply, "they equally love their masters, but do not flatter them so much."

In those days class distinctions among dogs were as rigid as among men. Greyhounds, the dogs of kings, were kings among dogs; spaniels were gentlemen; and hounds but the yeomen: and we suppose, though Sir Philip Sidney omits to mention it, the mongrels belonged to the masses.

Apart from Gipsey, Charles I had a great personal affection for Prince Rupert's white poodle, Boye. Boye had been given to the young prince by Lord Arundel, the English ambassador at Vienna, when the prince was confined in the fortress of Linz, having been taken prisoner after the siege of Minden.

After his release he came over to England to take part in the Civil War, with Boye in his strain. From henceforth the poodle was his shadow: his "familiar spirit," so the superstitious Puritans nicknamed him. Pamphlets were written on his exploits and supernatural powers. One such, now preserved in the Bodleian, entitled "Observations on Prince Rupert's White Dog Called Boye," recounts how when Prince Rupert was present in council Boye would sit on the table by his side, and the prince would often turn and kiss his dog in the course of the debate. King Charles, as we have said, fell a victim to the poodle's charms:

He never sups and dines, but he continually feeds him. And what think you, even with the sides of capons and other such like christian morsells. It is thought that the King will make him Sergeant Major General Boye. But truely the King's affection to him is so extraordinary that some at Court envy him. I heard a gentleman usher swear it was a shame the dog should sit in the King's chair, as he always does, and a great lord was seriously of the opinion that it was not well

that he should converse so much with the King's children lest he taught them to swear.

Boye returned the king's affection.

Next to his Master he loves the King and the King's children, and cares little for any others.

He went to church, and in exercises of religion carried himself

most Popishly and cathedrally. He is very seldom at any conscionable sermons, but as for public prayers he seldom or never misses them. But, above all, as soon as their church minstrel begins his arbitrary jig, he is as attentive as one of us private Christians.

After the successful taking of Birmingham by the Royalist forces, Prince Rupert and his officers sat up all night reveling, and, according to their enemies, getting drunk drinking the health of Prince Rupert's Boye.

The pamphlets no doubt had an undercurrent of political satire difficult to understand in our day. The hidden meaning, if such there be, to one of them entitled "An exact description of Prince Rupert's malignant she-monkey having approved herself a better servant than his white dog called Boye" escapes the modern reader.

Boye had bewitched an innocent yokel into the belief that the aforesaid monkey was a young gentlewoman of the court: indeed she had fine lady's blood in her veins, for "it was thought that she was

formerly some proud dame," but the gods were angry with her and turned her into an ape. She was decked out in a green and yellow gown trimmed with lace, and attached by a chain to a wheel near the fireside, partly to keep her within range of the warmth, partly to avoid her pilfering propensities.

The foolish youth, who had fallen in love with her, persuaded his father to deliver a letter in person to the monkey urging his suit.

The countryman, bearing his son's missive, was admitted into a spacious hall, where the court ladies were disporting themselves in gala attire, and the monkey chattering to herself in the chimney-corner, as though she had some grievance on her mind. The old man went up to her and presented the letter, and she "seemed by the noise she made to be very joyous of it, and did much hugg the present," though a moment later she impatiently tore it to flitters "as thoūgh it were a Taylour's bill." Thus she revealed her true identity to the bearer, and he went home to tell his son how he had been duped.

Boye considerately removed the spell from the disenchanted youth. But whenever the story was told he stood by in a corner "and laughed as heartily as ever Dogge could laugh, for a Monkey in a fine coat is but a monkey."

Prince Rupert found great amusement in watching his monkey and poodle together, especially when the former would go for a ride on Boye's back.

Prince Rupert's monkey is a toy
That doth exceed his dog called Boye,
Which though doggedfully both barks and bites;
But this delights
The Prince when 's melancholy.

In "A Dialogue, or rather a Parley, between Prince Rupert's dog, whose name is Puddle, and Tobie's dog whose name is Pepper," we have Boye employed on the conversion of a Roundhead cur to Royalist views:

PEPPER. I hear you are Prince Rupert's white Boye.

BOYE. I am none of his white Boye, my name is Puddle.

PEPPER. A dirty name indeed. You are not pure enough for my company.

BOYE. Thou art a rebellious dog, and will bark against the king.

PEPPER. Puddle, come not near me, for I can grin and bite and that boldly, for though thou look like a lion with long shag hair, yet I fear thee not, bragging courtier, thou Popish profane dog. It is known that at Edgehill you walked invisible, and directed the bullets who they should hit and who they should miss, and made your Mr. Prince Rupert shot free.

BOYE. Sirrah, lick-dish, incence me no more, for though my shaggy hair be white it is not silvered over with age, and I am strong

enough to tear thee to pieces. I think you are anybody's dog. You lick up crumbs under any round table.

PEPPER. [*apologetically*]. Good Puddle, be not so envious and so malicious, be not still of that dogged mongrel disposition, Good Puddle.

BOYE. Thou hast a good memory though thou hast but short hairs, to remember my name, yet some call me Boye, but my name is Puddle and I can do strange things.

Pepper's allegiance wavers to the Roundhead cause when he remembers Lent is coming and rations will be short. Perchance he will do better in the Cavalier camp. Boye encourages him:

BOYE. Follow my counsel, change your affections, and when you see a Roundhead bark at him as he walks along the streets.

PEPPER. I deny and defy all Roundheads.

BOYE. Now confirm it with an oath by blowing your nose backwards.

Boye did not get on over-well with other dogs, and we read in another pamphlet of "A Challenge which Prince Griffin's Dog called Towzer has sent to Prince Rupert's dogge whose name is Puddle," the introduction to which is hardly conciliatory:

And although I hear thou art impenetrable and likewise besmeared over with enchanted oil, so that no weapon, bullet or sword, can enter thee to make thee bleed, yet

I have teeth which I have newly whetted, that shall fasten and tear your hide limb-meal, and then flay thy skin and hang it on the hedge, and give thy flesh to those judges we are to fight before, namely the Worshipful Company of Bears. Let me hear your dogged answer or else I will proclaim thee coward in print.

Boye, did not himself take part in the battles of the Civil War, for before an engagement his master would tie him to a baggage-wagon in the rear. Unfortunately he forgot this precaution at Marston Moor, and Boye followed him into the hottest part of the fight and fell on the field. The event caused great rejoicing in the Roundhead camp. The Parliamentary journal of the day, exulting in the victory, comments, "Here also was slain that accursed cur, which is here mentioned by the way, because the Prince's dog has been so much spoke of, and was valued by his Master more than things of more worth." And in "God's Ark" the comment is even less cordial: "Prince Robber—this great kill Cowe, besides the loss of his dainty dog, found dead among the rest of the slain, himself lay in a beanfield."

Puritan poetasters broke out into verse. "A Dog's Elegy; or Rupert's Tears" was one such effusion, which attributes the mortal end of the invulnerable poodle to a "Valiant Souldier, who had skill in Necromancy."

Boye's character, according to this authority, was black beyond words. The general charges against him include magic and sorcery, with such skill in the black art that he might have been schoolmaster to the devil. He raised fogs, gave spells, rode on the clouds, and, though why this should add to the burden of his iniquities is hardly evident, was present at the Armada fight, and, having been taught by the devil to duck to swim and to dive, "scarce a Spaniard he had left alive." His crowning infamy was poisoning James I.

Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all
That doe survive to his Dog's funerale,
Close mourners are the Witch, Pope and Devill
That much lament yo'r late befallen evill.

Rupert indeed mourned the "shaggy cavalier," and though in happier times he had another favorite, Raynall, of whose death he wrote with pathetic sinplicity, Boye was the one dog of his life. The Royalist fortunes ebbed: from that day of Marston Moor Rupert's luck failed him.

Oliver Cromwell had a dog to whom he, or some one with a like lack of humor, gave the inauspicious name of "Coffin Nail."

3

Charles II, who gave his royal name to the black and tan toy spaniels which became such

favorites in England after the Restoration, is the only monarch in our history who has permanently identified himself with a breed of dogs. The one he brought from England with him, as Pepys records in his diary, May 25, 1660, was not a pure-bred specimen of this race, though it may have been the one specially known as "the dog the king loved." It was a cross between a greyhound and a spaniel, black, but for a streak of white on the breast, and the tail a little bobbed.

No sooner had it landed than the dog thieves had their eye on it, and succeeded more than once in holding it up to ransom. Advertisements inserted for its recovery were of a more appealing kind than those of our more prosaic age. Here is one from the "Mercurius Publicus," written by the monarch himself:

It is His Majesty's own dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his master. Whoever finds him may acquaint him at Whitehal. Will they never leave off robbing His Majesty? The dog's place, though better than some imagine, is the only place which nobody affords to beg.

The last sentence is amusing, considering the petitions that were presented to the king at the Restoration. His former favorite, Cupid, was not forgotten as an excuse, for one of them, from

the behalfe of honeſt Pepper *Tobies* Dog.

Moreover the ſaid Prince *Gritlin* is newly gone to Oxford to lay the wager, and to make up the MATCH.

Printed at London for *I. Smith*, 1643. 1642

PUDEL AND PEPER
From an old wood cut

Likewiſe the ſtrange breed of this Shagg'd Cavalier, *whelp'd of a Malignant* Water-witch; *With all his Tricks, and Feats.*

Sad Cavaliers, *Rupert* invites you all
That doe ſurvive, to his Dogs Funerall.

Cloſe-mourners are the Witch, Pope, & devill,
That much lament yo'r late befallen evill.

Printed at *London*, for *G. B.* July 27. 1644.

BOYE'S DEATH AT MARSTON MOOR
From an old wood cut

Elizabeth Cary, begs for a pension for her son "that followed your Majesty to Oxford, and was there bitten by your Majesty's dog Cupid (as your Majesty may happily call to mind)." "Happily" one may hope used in the sense of "haply" and not as a proof of the king's heartlessness.

Charles, like his father, enjoyed the presence of dogs in the council-chamber, as Rochester mentions in one of his satires:

> His very dog at Connal-board
> Sits grave and wise as any lord.

Graver and wiser than the king, who played with it to such an extent that Pepys commented on his "siliness." And other members might have re-echoed the hasty words of a loyal cavalier, who, warned not to put his hand on the door of the royal coach for fear of the animosity of the spaniels within, forgot the injunction and was bitten.

"God bless your Majesty, and God damn your dogs," he said in his haste.

Charles's brother, when Duke of York, very nearly escaped attaining unpopularity as James II, when the frigate *Gloucester,* with him on board, struck on a bank of sand and foundered. The royal passenger was quickly put on another ship, and, according to Burnet in his "History of His Own Time," his one preoccupation in the crises was to save the dogs and Churchill. Mr. Churchill cer-

tainly shared the prince's safety on the shallop; so too did his favorite dog Mumper. As it quickly rowed off, with very few on board, the sailors sent up a loud and loyal "Huzza" in joy that his Royal Highness would not share their watery grave!

Did the Duke of York indeed save his dogs at the expense of the jolly mariners? The Earl of Dartmouth, in a letter to Erasmus Wilson, dated January 25, 1873, refutes this calumny:

> And I believe his, the bishop's, reflection upon the duke for his care of the dogs, to be as ill-grounded, for I remember a story (that was in everybody's mouth at the time) of a struggle that happened for a plank between Sir Charles Scarborough and the Duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that the dogs were left to take care of themselves (as he did), if there were any more on board: which I never heard until the Bishop's story was published.

Among those who remained loyal to the house of Stuart after its downfall was Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who had been unwise enough to declare that if the dynasty returned in the person of James III, he would head the procession in his lawn sleeves, to proclaim him at Charing Cross.

Small wonder then that when a plot was discovered to dethrone George II and restore the Stuarts, Dr. Atterbury was suspected of complicity, and put on his trial. The most important piece of

evidence against the bishop related to a dog called Harlequin. One witness, Mrs. Barnes, when asked what she knew about a dog sent over from France, not suspecting that this could lead to any discovery, readily owned that "a little spotted dog called Harlequin, which was brought from France, had a leg broken and was left with her to be cured. The dog was not for her but for the Bishop of Rochester."

The accident had happened on the boat, and an intercepted letter recorded that "Mr. Illington is in great tribulation for poor Harlequin who is in a bad way, having slipped his leg before it was thoroughly well."

Dr. Atterbury's counsel asserted in the defense "that the Bishop was never known to have loved a dog, and never to have had one." And he himself declared, "I never asked, received or saw this present, but from common fame." Besides, at the time he was supposed to be fretting over Harlequin's accident he was bowed down with grief at the death of his wife.

It was, however, proved that Atterbury and Illington were the same person. Who then had sent this animal, an unsolicited present, to the bishop? It was not suggested at the trial, but was asserted afterward, that Harlequin was an unsolicited gift from the Pretender, a great dog lover, like all the Stuarts. This would explain Atterbury's concern

at the accident, and would make his defense but a white lie.

He was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to perpetual banishment. His friend, Dean Swift, wrote a poem upon the "horrid plot discovered by the Bishop of Rochester's French dog":

Now let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real curr,
A Dogg of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
That 's a name in ev'ry plot.
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decypher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee:
Confest as plain as he could bark
Then with his fore-foot left his mark.

About twenty years later Great Britian, engaged in the war of the Austrian Succession, fought and lost the Battle of Fontenoy. One of the officers, a captain of the guard, on going into action took with him his dog Mustapha. The English, placed on rising ground above the enemy's position, trained their gun to bear on the foe. But, as the art of camouflage was then unknown, the French, aware of their intention, opened fire. The captain and a

greater part of the company were casualties. Mustapha had watched the operation of cannon firing to such good effect that, "staunch in love and strong at need," he drew the pin from the cannon's mouth, firing such a deadly volley that seventy of the enemy were struck down.

His work done, he lay by his master's side, licking his wounds, and when search was made on the corpse-strewn hill twenty-three hours later he was found still at his post, nor would he leave it or accept sustenance till the captain was laid in his grave. Even then he was reluctant to go with his kindly human comrades, who were intent on bringing him back to England. His subsequent career was an honorable one, for he was presented to George II, who, proud of his gallant exploit, ordered that he should be treated with great respect as a brave and faithful public servant.

Queen Victoria, from her girlhood upward, was devoted to dogs. The earliest one in her train, her playmate in her childhood, was Dash, a little spaniel, whose charms are artlessly recorded in her journal. After dinner one evening, for the second time that day, she dressed up "dear sweet little Dash" in his scarlet jacket and blue trousers: probably she enjoyed the masquerade better than he did. He seldom was absent from her side, but she sorrowfully records on one occasion "poor dear little Dashy," not feeling well, had to be left behind. He was

with her on board the *Emerald* when the vessel met with a serious accident in Plymouth Harbor, and her alarm on his account was much relieved when she found that the man-servant had kept him in his arms till all danger was past. A year or so later Prince Albert, staying with his cousin, won her special approbation for the funny games he had with Dash. The future bridegroom was no doubt unaware that no better way of ingratiating himself could have been chosen.

The princess became queen and the move was made from Kensington to Buckingham Palace, a change which the spaniel accepted with good grace, delighting in his first walk with his mistress in the grounds of her new domain. "Dear Dashy was quite happy."

Lord Melbourne, seldom deficient in tact, had the effrontery to assert that the favorite had crooked legs, "which I would n't allow; we put him on the table, and he was very much petted and patted and admired by Lord M., who was so funny about him; we gave him tea, and Lord M. said, 'I wonder if lapping is a pleasant sensation,' for that it was a thing we never had felt."

And Dash was not forgotten on the great coronation day, though he was not included in the ceremony. He awaited his mistress's return with all the more eagerness since she was absent longer than usual, and C. P. R. Leslie in his "Recollections" tells

us that on her arrival home from the abbey "when the state coach drove up to the steps of the palace, she heard the spaniel barking with joy in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There 's Dash!' and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes *to go and wash little Dash.*"

Other dogs came into her life later: a white collie, Lily, who generally accompanied her on her travels; and a German Spitz, Marco, who was also in constant attendance.

For many years Sharp, a Collie, was the favorite —the favorite with Victoria but not with her vassals, for he rivaled Basche in his arrogance when high in royal favor. The only one who could cope with him was the redoubtable John Brown. Sharp was charming to her Majesty, by whose side he sat at meals, but he bit her men. One such, awaiting her with Sharp in his custody, wantonly attacked by his charge, struck Sharp over the loins with his stick with such force that the dog was temporarily lamed. Her majesty at once observed that her pet was limping.

"How has this happened?" she inquired; and the fear of royal wrath was such that the lie became, as the schoolboy has it, a very present help in time of trouble. The accident was due to Sharp's inveterate habit of jumping up the trees after squirrels!

Even the queen observed that her "good Sharp" had his animosities, for when he went on expeditions with her woe betide any plebeian collie who crossed his path.

In her passion for perpetuation of all she held dear she had several models made of this favorite, in one of which he sits by her side and she sits on the throne.

A charming anecdote is related of her visit to the emperor and empress of the French. She was delighted with her quarters at St. Cloud and exclaimed enthusiastically:

"I have such a home feeling! Were my dog here I could almost imagine myself at home!" Her gracious hosts, unwilling that anything should mar her perfect serenity, set the machinery in motion, communicating with the French embassy in London, to fill the gap. On the third day, on returning from Paris, she heard her pet's joyful barking in her royal apartments.

Noble, another canine courtier, was a dog with a mission—a slight one, but performed with an exactitude the prince consort himself might have praised. He guarded the queen's gloves, and on his death the queen had a statue erected to him on the east terrace at Windsor, keeping watch over the royal gantlet.

Many were her canine comrades who found honorable burial within the royal grounds: Dacko, a

dachshund (born February, 1859; died December, 1871), and Waldman, an even dearer little dog of the same species, whose granite slab, set in the green turf at Windsor, is inscribed: "The very favorite dachshund of Queen Victoria, who brought him from Baden, 1872; died July 11, 1881." And Fos, the prince consort's dog, who departed this life at ten years of age, is second only to his master in the many monuments to his memory.

King Edward's Cæsar had his brief hour on the stage when he followed in the funeral procession. Few who saw the wire-haired terrier in the cortège were without the passing tribute of a tear. His devotion to the late monarch is recorded in a little booklet, "Where 's Master?" in which we read that when the king was sinking the physicians would have banished Cæsar from the room.

"Let him be," said the dying man; "I 'm a bit tired myself—old. I suppose we 'll have to do as we 're told, you and I, and keep quiet and warm indoors. . . . I 'll promise to rest a bit. Cæsar can stay of course," and he remained to the end.

King George's Happy broke into authorship himself on that monarch's accession with "If I Were King," and gave the present ruler hints as to the proper way to fulfill the duties of his new rôle.

Moral though the author's tone, he himself was not without canine failings, and he gave Cæsar clearly to understand that his reign in Buckingham

Palace was over. His master, sharing Cæsar's sense of emptiness, summarily dismissed his own dog: "Outside, Happy; here, Cæsar: poor old chap, don't take any notice of him." So Cæsar remained till he sought comfort and a home with Queen Alexandra.

CHAPTER V

CONTINENTAL CELEBRITIES

I

SIMILAR traditions are found in many countries, though this does not necessarily prove that the origin had no groundwork in fact. This is especially the case where the hero is a dog, since his range of action is of necessity limited, and his faithfulness a fact. There is no reason why, should he have the misfortune to be sole witness to his master's murder, he should not subsequently help to solve the problem as to who the "person or persons unknown" may be. As we have already mentioned, one such denounced a slave's assassins in the days of King Pyrrhus; another performed a like service in the time of Charlemagne.

The most celebrated of all these dog detectives is "Dragon"—to give him his stage name, the *Dog of Montargis.*

In the year 1361 Aubry of Montidier, a French gentleman, while traveling with his dog through the dense forest of Bondy, was attacked, killed, and

buried in the depths of the wood. Dragon, it is supposed, remained some days by the grave side; then as no one appeared whose interest he could awaken, he made his way to Paris some miles distant. Once in the city he sought the house of his master's old friend and remained howling outside the door till an indignant man-servant opened it, intent on chasing him away. Eluding the servant's vigilance, the dog passed through the portals, and found his way to the private apartment of the chevalier.

'Where 's master?" inquired the nobleman of the unattended dog, and, seeing his unexpected visitor looked worn and thin, ordered food and drink to be brought. Dragon swallowed the meal with all speed, and when it was over clearly intimated that he had come of set purpose, going backward and forward to the door many times. Finding he could not make himself understood in this way, he tugged at the chevalier's coat as though to insist on his accompanying him.

The nobleman, who till now had been amused, became curious. "What does he want?" he thought to himself, as, donning his outdoor garments, he made ready to accompany the urgent Dragon. It was a long tramp before the leafy aisles of the forest came in sight. The dog, now sure of his companion's intention to follow him, bounded on in front, sniffing at the brushwood, till he stopped dead

at a secluded spot. The duke suspected foul play, as Dragon scratched with all his might at a mound of newly turned earth; and he himself assisted with his sword. The body of Aubry was uncovered.

The news of the murder was soon all over Paris. The one witness, who now lived with the chevalier, could not speak, and all sorts of rumors were afloat.

One day when Dragon was out with his new master and the Chevalier Macaire passed by, his greeting was roughly interrupted by the dog flying at his throat; and whenever Dragon, usually so gentle, met the man he made for him.

Gossip had not been idle: a woman in the case—jealousy—Macaire's reticence as to certain matters—the ill feeling that had existed between him and Montidier.

The king, Charles V, hearing the rumors and hearing of Dragon's exploit, ordered the dog to be presented at court, and among the noblemen present was Macaire. Dragon knew him and immediately sprang at him.

In those days judicial combat was resorted to as an appeal to the direct judgment of God when there did not seem to be sufficient proof to bring an action before the courts of man. The only direct evidence against Macaire was Dragon's animosity, and the king decided that the courtier and the dog should engage in single combat.

The duel was fought in the Ile Notre Dame, and

thousands of spectators crowded to see so unique a sight. Macaire, armed with a stick, Dragon, provided with a cask from which to spring, awaited the moment of action. The dog was no sooner released than he rushed at his enemy, deftly eluding his attack, and, before Macaire could get in a blow, with a mighty pounce, as a tiger springing on its prey, Dragon had him by the throat and hurled him down. In this abject position the Chevalier blurted out his confession of the crime.

A carving on the chimney-piece of the great hall of the château of Montargis represents this Homeric contest.

A French play, written round the episode (translated into English by W. Barrymore, under the title of "The Dog of Montargis; or The Forest of Bondy," first performed at Covent Garden in 1814), became very popular in England in the early part of last century and continued to hold the boards for many years. Of one dog actor in the star part it was recorded that he could only be induced to attack the villain when the latter had a sausage carefully adjusted under the cravat!

The play also had its vogue on the continent, and G. H. Lewis in his "Life of Goethe" tells us that the Duke Carl August, who was very fond of dogs, invited a celebrated comedian, Karstin, and his poodle to perform the piece at the theater at

Weimar, of which Goethe was director. The poet, who hated dogs, informed the duke that the theater regulation read: "No dogs admitted on the stage."

The invitation had, however, been accepted and the player and the poodle arrived and performed at Weimar. Goethe resigned his post—"he who detested dogs, to hear of a dog performing on all the stages of Germany, with greater success than the best actors."

About twenty years before Montidier's murder, Jean III, Duke of Brittany adopted as his heiress his niece, Jeanne de Penthièvre, and sought, from among the many who aspired to her hand, a suitable husband. Three princes were in the running: Charles de Blois, nephew of the king of France; Charles d'Evreux, son of the king of Navarre; and John Plantagenet, brother of the king of England. They all seemed equally eligible, and the duke invited them to his castle of Nantes to set forth their claims, which he knew already. How was he to make a choice between them? The lady's preference was of no account; a sign from heaven was what he wanted. In the absence of such a manifestation, he called to him his dog, Yoland:

"Come, my beauty. You shall decide which of the three princes shall be my niece's spouse. Here is my 'Book of Hours.' Put your paw on it, and if the letter on the first page is a B, the Count

of Blois shall be my successor; if it is an E, we will have Charles d'Evereux; and if it is a P, then Plantagenet shall be the consort of Jeanne."

His niece had crept in unperceived while this curious conversation was taking place, and, crouching behind an oak chest, she awaited with beating heart the result of Yoland's mediumship.

Yoland duly plumped his paw on a page, and the duke, bending over to have his uncertainty set at rest, exclaimed:

"*Par mon salut eternel,* it is the letter Y. You cannot marry my niece. But if you will indicate which of the three princes she shall wed, that one shall be my choice."

Jeanne breathed freely once more for at any rate she was not yet definitely pledged.

The three suitors arrived shortly afterward and were ushered into the great hall, where Jeanne, although forbidden to be present, had concealed herself, with Yoland in her arms, behind the tapestry.

Each in turn demanded the heiress's hand and gave a glowing account of his wealth and position, but this did not carry matters much further.

"Let your niece name the victor," urged Charles de Blois; "not one of us would wish to marry her against her will."

A happy thought struck Jeanne; she whispered to Yoland; and, drawing aside a corner of the tapestry, pointed out to him the man of her choice. The

PERDITA (Mrs. Robinson), BY GAINSBOROUGH

dog bounded into the hall and straight up to the Count of Blois, licking his hand and putting his paws on his shoulders.

Here was the heaven-sent sign. The duke went up to the favored wooer.

"Charles, Comte de Blois," he said, "I select you for the consort of my niece Jeanne de Penthièvre, heiress presumptive to the dukedom of Brittany."

Unfortunately the Salic law had come into force at that time, and that union plunged Brittany into the bloody war of the succession, for John de Montfort claimed the throne on the male side. The struggle ended on the plain of Aurayin. Before the battle the greyhound, which had accompanied de Blois throughout the campaign, disappeared. It had crossed the enemy's lines and presented itself in de Montfort's tent, fawning on him even as the faithless Mathe fawned on Bolingbroke. "A good omen," commented the soldiers who saw the incident, and so it proved; for de Montfort won the day and the dukedom, and the Comte de Blois was left dead on the field.

Such treachery would have astonished Frederick II, king of Denmark, who, among the faithless, found only his dog Wildpret faithful. When depressed by the ills that kings are heir to, the cabalting of courtiers, the treachery of officials, the desertion of his subjects, he would sit in his private apartments and, calling the dog, would be heard to

murmur over and over again, "True is Wildpret." He founded the Danish order of chivalry in his honor with the motto, "My hope is in God alone: true is Wildpret," and these same words, written by his own hand, can be seen in the copy of his compilation of the Psalms and Proverbs in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. And when this grateful king was laid to rest among the monarchs of his race, this inscription was placed on his tomb.

2

The Reformation, which the Earl of Wiltshire's dog hastened in England, was marked in Holland, then under Spanish yoke, by persecution. The Dutch patriots, of whom William, Prince of Orange, was leader, were reformers, and they headed a national rising against their oppressors.

At one time the Spanish army was within half a league of Prince William's encampment at Hérmigny, and the Spanish commander, Julian de Romero, determined on a surprise attack on the Dutch camp. Six hundred musketeers, their shirts over their armor to distinguish one another in the darkness, made a sortie and reached their objective without any alarm having been raised. "The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning till three, the Spaniards butchered their forces."

While this tumult was afoot, it is somewhat surprising that no sound roused the Prince of Orange and his attendants. One alone awoke to the danger —the little pug-dog Pompey, who slept on his bed. "The creature," Motley writes in "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "sprang forward at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratched his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, the master of his horse, and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives, and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death."

The prince himself frequently acknowledged his indebtedness: "but for my little dog I should have been killed."

There is doubt whether Pompey perished that day, or whether, as Freville, with what authority we cannot trace, states, he lived and was a second time instrumental in saving his master's life, remaining with him till its close when he defied the undertaker's men to lay the body in the coffin.

One thing is certain: from that day forward the prince was never without a pug sleeping on his bed;

and where he sleeps in effigy in Delft Cathedral one lies at his feet.

When William III came to the throne of England, Dutch pugs, decked with yellow ribbons, became fashionable pets in honor of the house of Orange.

The contemporary ruler in France at this time, Henry III, had bought at great price in Smyrna three exquisite little dogs, Lili, Titi, and Mimi.

"I shall never forget," writes the Duc de Sully in his "Memoires," "the fantastic and extravagant dress and attitude in which I found him in his cabinet; he had a sword at his side, a Spanish hood flung down upon his shoulders, a little cap such as collegians wear upon his head, and a basket in which were two or three little dogs, hung to a ribbon about his neck." In this way the king, who loved to be alone in their company, would pace the room and give them gentle exercise.

They were not, however, lazy lap-dogs, for they were trained to mount guard in the night-time by the side of their master's horse. Their basket serving as a sentry-box, the one on guard would stand, his paws on the handle, awake and alert, till the chimes of a silver bell announced that his watch was over. Directly he heard the sound he gently bit the ear of one of his sleeping comrades to arouse him for his turn; thus one succeeded the other.

And no king, asserts Freville, "had a more watchful body-guard than Henry III of France."

It was not due to their lack of vigilance that their master met his death. When the Jacobin assassin, Clement, was introduced into the king's presence at St. Cloud, Lili, usually the gentlest of little dogs, flew into such a rage and barked so violently that Henry was obliged to request one of his equerries to remove her from the room, so that he might hear his visitor's business. Banished to an antechamber, Lili continued howling dismally, but a more ominous sound fell on the ears of the waiting attendants—the thud of a heavy body falling to the ground.

So passed Henry III. His successor, Henry of Navarre, had a canine favorite, Citron, who slept on his bed and enjoyed all the privileges of one in so high a position. In old age he was banished from the court. The French poet d'Aubigny, who himself had learned the bitter lesson of neglect, wrote a charming little poem and tied it on the dog's collar. It tells how Citron's bravery, beauty, and youth had been a joy to the king, and how he had been a redoubtable foe to his enemies. Let the courtiers, gazing on the neglected favorite, take warning that such was the reward of fidelity. "Your Citron, who once slept on your bed," now sleeps on the cold ground.

C'est luy qui les brigands effrayoit de sa voix,
Ces dents, les meurtriers, d'ou vient donc qu'il endure
Le faim, le froid, les coups, les dedains et l'injure
Payment coustumier du service des rois?

We now turn to Germany and to the time when Frederick the Great was engaged in the arduous struggle of the Seven Years' War. One of the winters he spent at Leipzig, and the Marquis d'Argens, who sought him there, "found the monarch for whose destruction half Europe was banded, and who appeared to have been long engaged in a hopeless struggle for existence, quietly seated on the bare floor, having before him a dish containing a fricassee, out of which he was serving his dogs with their supper. In his hand he had a little stick with which he kept them in order, and picked out the best bits for the favorite. The Marquis started back, and clasped his hands in amazement. How it would puzzle the five great powers of Europe, who are leagued against the Marquis of Brandenbourg, to guess what he is doing at this moment. . . . There he is sitting quietly in his room and feeding the dogs." In the cupboard the king kept a supply of leather balls for their entertainment, and he showed the greatest concern when they were ill and had them well nursed.

The favorite was a great Dane, Gengisk, who accompanied him on all his campaigns, and who, when the war was drawing to its close, was instrumental in saving, not only his life, but what perhaps he valued more, his prestige. At one time he was separated from his main army, riding alone with no companion but Gengisk, who suddenly sprang at his horse's breastplate and tried to turn it from its course. Frederick at first did not attach much importance to this manœuver, but when the great Dane deliberately bit his boot, having experience of its sagacity, he dismounted. Looking round he saw nothing, but placing his ear to the ground he heard the far-away galloping of horses, gradually becoming nearer. It was a company of Cossacks taking the direct route along which he was riding. His trained eye sought a place of retreat and found it in the shelter of the arches of a bridge, where he managed to conceal himself and his belongings. Gengisk did not realize that the slightest noise might betray the hiding-place and, when the troops approached, began to growl. His master seized his mouth in his strong hands and held it clenched tight till all danger was passed and the sound of the tramping of many feet grew faint in the still night air.

After the battle of Soor Gengisk was captured along with the king's baggage and presented by General Nodosti to his wife, but was not held as

hostage and was returned to Frederick by General Rotherbourg. The king was writing in his room when Gengisk arrived and leaped on the table and put his paws round the neck of his royal master, who melted into tears.

Gengisk's tomb was erected in the grounds of the palace of Sans Souci, and here seven other of Frederick the Great's favorite dogs found an honorable resting-place.

Catherine the Great, who was on the throne of Russia at this time, had no such interesting association with her pets. True, one of them attained celebrity of a kind by biting her doctor, and thus inspiring the only rimed couplet she ever perpetrated:

Cy gît la Duchesse Anderson
Qui mordit Monsieur Rogerson.

The empress had another dog, Zémire, whose parents were English dogs, Tom and Lady by name. One day she was found bathed in tears. Zémire was dead. Would Monsieur de Ségur, the French ambassador, write an epitaph for her, since she distrusted her own powers?

"But, Madame, one must know her virtues to write in her praise."

"She had every sort of charm—a little spoiled perhaps by outbursts of anger."

The following day Ségur returned with the ver-

ses which are engraved on Zémire's tomb at Tsarkoye Selo:

Ici mourut Zémire, et les Graces en deuil
Doivent jéter des fleurs sur son cerceuil
Les dieux témoins de sa tendresse
Devaint à sa fidelité
Le don de l'immortalité
Pour qu'elle fut toujours auprès de sa maitresse.

3

Catherine the Great heard of the disaster that had befallen her brother-monarch and the reigning family of France. Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and their children had been imprisoned by order of the Revolutionary government.

Marie Antoinette, when she was bidden make ready for her departure from the Tuileries, begged that her small dog, Thisbé, might be permitted to accompany her. This was refused, but Thisbé, aware of the turmoil at the palace, kept her mistress well in sight as she made a few final preparations before the carriage drove her off to prison. Thisbé, panting in its wake, reached the Conciergerie at the same time. As the queen stooped to enter the dark doorway, the little creature hoped to pass in unperceived and crept to her side, but with a kick a jailer sent it flying, and the grim gates closed on Marie

Antoinette. Thisbé remained some time without, crying piteously; then bethinking herself that her mistress might return to her old home, trotted back to the Tuileries. Disconsolately she roamed the dismantled rooms and galleries; not a trace of the family could she find. But she herself was found by a compassionate court dressmaker, Madame Arnaud, who, though fully realizing the danger of any association with the royal family, took Thisbé to her home. The dog used it only as a temporary lodging and daily visited the prison in the hope of being able to slip in unawares and comfort her mistress in those tragic hours. Though this was well known and the dog's faithfulness a matter of common talk, the hearts of the jailer and of the Revolutionary leaders were hardened.

Madame Arnaud had good reason to believe that if she should be suspected of harboring the royal pet she might find herself under arrest on some trumped up charge. She therefore decided that her little guest must not leave the house, and doors and windows were carefully shut in order to prevent her running off. Thisbé was heart-broken, she could not eat and she wandered from room to room seeking some means of escape. Shortly afterward a window overlooking the Seine had been accidentally left open, and she, seizing the chance of rejoining her mistress, leaped upon the sill and, without a moment's thought, into the flowing river be-

neath. The waters closed over her and ended her troubles, even as the guillotine, not long after, performed a like service for the unhappy queen.

"I have seen," said the Comte d'Avaray, speaking of Marie Antoinette's daughter, Madame Royale, "the daughter of kings, so beautiful and touching, holding on her knees the dog so dear to all sensitive natures, the only companion in captivity of the unhappy child, the only compassionate witness of her long sufferings."

This dog, which shared her imprisonment in the Temple, was a small spaniel, Mignon by name, which the hapless dauphin had been allowed to give her and the jailers had allowed her to keep. Mignon accompanied her when she left the Temple, and in a fifth edition of "La Piété Filiale" is a fine engraving of the princess leaving the prison with the spaniel in her arms. Mignon is celebrated by Delille in his poem on pity:

O toi qui, consolant ta royal maîtresse,
Jusqu'au dernier soupir lui prouvas ta tendresse,
Qui charmais ses malheurs, égayais sa prison:
On des adieux d'un frère unique et triste don.

The royal house had fallen. The star of the new firmament, Napoleon, was not long afterward conducting his less successful campaign in Italy. The night after one of his victories he crossed a corpse-strewn battle-field, lit by the pale light of the moon,

the silence of death upon it. Suddenly from beside one of the fallen a dog sprang out upon him, then returned to lick his dead master's hand, doing this again and again as though seeking succor. To the end of his life this incident remained impressed on Napoleon's mind. Recalling it in his closing years at St. Helena, he said: "Whether it was the mood of the moment, the time, the hour, the place—I know not what, still it is true that nothing on any of my battle-fields caused me a like impression. I stopped instinctively to ponder this sight. This man, I said to myself, has perhaps friends, perhaps some in the camp, in his company and he lies here abandoned by all except his dog. What a lesson nature gives us through the agency of an animal. What is man and what is not the mystery of his impressions? I had without a quiver decided battles which settled the fate of armies, I had seen, dry-eyed, movements executed which had brought death to numbers, and here I was moved, I was greatly moved, by the grief of a dog. What is certain is that at the moment I must have been more favorably disposed toward a suppliant enemy, I better understood Achilles surrendering Hector's body to Priam's tears."

Moustache, a black poodle, the pet of a regiment of French grenadiers, took an active part in the Austrian campaign during the Napoleonic wars.

He was present at Marengo and is credited with having detected an Austrian spy and saving a detachment of his company from a surprise attack by the enemy.

His crowning achievement was at Austerlitz. A young ensign, bearing the regimental colors, mortally wounded and surrounded by the enemy, with a dying effort attempted to save the flag by wrapping it round his body.

Moustache went to the rescue; he could do nothing for the young soldier but attempt to recover what he had given his life to save. Dexterously with his teeth and paws he unwound the standard, and, carrying it in his mouth, bore it back in triumph to his own lines. For this he was awarded a medal for gallantry, and his name was placed on the regimental books as a full-fledged soldier drawing rations and pay.

He followed his battalion when it was ordered to the Peninsula, and at the siege of Badajoz a cannonball laid him low. His comrades buried him where he fell and put up a stone to his memory with but one word of tribute: " 'Brave' Moustache."

Napoleon was not personally attached to dogs, though Josephine's little Fortuné, who came into her possession when she was living at Carmes, was used as a messenger between his mistress and Bonaparte, carrying little missives under his collar.

He was no beauty, a bit of a mongrel long in the body, low in the leg, russet-colored, with the black muzzle and curly tail of a pug.

Josephine's fondness for Fortuné nearly led to a quarrel with Napoleon on their wedding night. Levy in "La Vie Intime" recalls a conversation which the general had with Arnault. Pointing to Josephine's dog lying on the sofa, he said:

"Do you see that gentleman: he is my rival. He was in possession of Madame's bed when I married her. I wished to remove him: it was quite useless to think of it. I was told that I must either sleep elsewhere or consent to share my bed. That annoyed me considerably, but I had to make up my mind. I gave way. The favorite was less accommodating. I bear proofs on my legs of what I say."

The general bore no grudge, for a few months later he wrote to his consort sending a "million kisses even to Fortuné, notwithstanding his naughtiness."

The favorite met a cruel fate in being killed by the cook's bulldog, and Napoleon hoped and intended that it would be the last of the empress's favorites, but she promptly provided a pug-dog as his successor —as she was exceptionally fond of this breed. The emperor, in protest, interviewed the bulldog assassin and suggested to him that he should devour the pug!

The new-comer was very regular in his habits. As the lady of the bedchamber left the empress for the night he followed her to her room,—Napoleon had had his own way as to another canine bedfellow,—sleeping quietly on a chair by her bedside. In the morning, with his tail tightly curled, he waited in the antechamber till Josephine's door opened, which was his signal to rush in and overwhelm her with affectionate greeting.

After Napoleon's divorce came his engagement to Marie Thérèse. Her father, the Emperor Francis II, well knowing her fiancé's objection to dogs, decided, as we read in the "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes," that his daughter, on leaving Vienna for Paris, where her marriage was to be celebrated, was to leave her pet dog behind. She was greatly upset and cried at the parting. General Berthier, who was to escort her to her new home, was so moved by her grief that he went to the Emperor Francis and made a kindly suggestion to him that was carried out.

After the wedding the bride and bridegroom stood on the balcony at the Tuileries to be acclaimed by the populace. They then withdrew into the palace.

"Well, Louise," Napoleon said kindly, "I must give you some little reward for the happiness you have conferred on me." And, taking her by the hand, he led her along.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"Come, Louise, come, are you afraid to follow me?"

"No,'" she murmured, as they stopped at a closed door, within which they heard a dog that was endeavoring to escape from confinement. The emperor opened it and desired Louise to enter. She found herself in a room magnificently lighted; the glare of the lamps prevented her for some moments from distinguishing anything. Imagine her surprise when she found her barking playfellow from Vienna there to greet her! Every object that had been in the bedroom of her old home—paintings, furniture—was rearranged in the new.

Napoleon was not so secure on the throne of France that he did not dread royalists plots. For suspected conspiracy in one the Duc d'Enghien fell under his ban, and was arrested at Metz. Bidden to prepare for a long journey, he requested that two of his friends should accompany him, which was refused; but his captors grudgingly permitted his poodle, Mohiloff, a present from the king of Sweden, to be with him. It was a tedious journey, and neither Mohiloff nor his master had anything to eat. When the fortress of Vincennes was reached the duke wearily alighted, followed by the poodle. The commandant showed him to his room where a meal was ready. As the first course was

TOMB OF WILLIAM THE SILENT
Delft Cathedral

served d'Enghien, with a courteous gesture, turned to his jailer:

"Sir, I have a favor to ask; I hope you will not consider it indiscreet. I have with me a little traveling companion, the little dog that you see. He is the only friend from whom I have not been parted. He was travelling all the way with me, and, like myself, fasting since we left. Allow me to testify my gratitude to him in sharing with me this last repast."

The touching request was granted, and the duke, filling a plate with soup, put it down for the poodle, who lapped it up eagerly and shared every dish in the same way.

Dinner over, Mohiloff and his master rested side by side. At eleven that same night they were rudely awakened for the duke to undergo an informal trial. He answered all the questions clearly and demanded an interview with Napoleon in order to convince him of his innocence. This was refused, and he was bidden to follow the commandant and his accusers. Mohiloff prepared to be of the party, but he was seized and, it was thought, securely locked up in the commandant's room, his mournful howls echoing and reëchoing in his master's ears as he passed through the passages and descended a spiral staircase.

"Where are you taking me?" he inquired.

There was no answer.

"Is it to the dungeons?"

"Alas, no! Summon all your courage."

The procession wended its way to an open courtyard, dimly lit by the flickering lantern light. No further intimation of his fate was needed: a squad of soldiers stood at attention; in front of him was an open grave. The sentence was pronounced.

"How terrible it is to die at the hands of France!" murmured the duke.

A volley rang out in the clear night air. D'Enghien lay dead. The sudden silence was broken by the howling of Mohiloff.

The body, thrown into the grave without further ceremony, was hastily covered with mold, and two sentinels were left on guard. In the eery stillness the dog's howling grew louder and louder, as he, having escaped, bounded down the steps his master's feet had trod but a few moments before and straight to the spot where he lay. Flinging himself on the newly turned earth, he gave way to an agony of grief, which did not touch the heart of the sentinels, who drove him off only to find, directly their attention was diverted, he had returned to his post.

"The only voice," Henri Welshinger, the duke's biographer, sadly states, "raised on that tomb but just closed was the voice of a dog."

Friendly hands at last led Mohiloff away, and he

became the pet of the commander of the battalion, who, when he died, desirous to preserve the form and features of so noble an animal, had him stuffed.

The French Revolutionists, when they had the royal family in their power, were merciful compared to the Russian revolutionists of our day. All the world now knows the story of the czar and his family in the prison at Ekaterinburg. Never has a dog witnessed a more tragic doom for those he loved than the little Pekingese of unknown name who shared the last sad hours. He belonged to the beautiful Grand Duchess Tatiana and was with her when she was summoned from her bedchamber that terrible night in June to follow her father for "safety" to the cellar beneath. A witness saw her descending the gloomy staircase, clasping her little dog in her arms, as he "continually licked her face." She found her way to the lantern-lit basement, and standing with her ill-fated family, the only one in history to be exterminated at one coup, heard their doom and her own. The bullets swiftly found their marks: the grand duchess alone of the imperial house fainted as she fell, not mortally wounded. Standing on her body the Pekingese defied her murderers to the last. A bullet settled his barking forever, as a moment later a bayonet-thrust sent his mistress to join him.

Before daylight the ghastly cellar was cleared of traces of the crime. The dog's body was thrown

into the motor-lorry, the hearse of the Romanoffs, and shared the journey to the forest. As the giant bonfire blazed against the dawn, the peasants in the neighboring village, not daring to leave the shelter of their cottages, wondered what was afoot. Later they learned it was a funeral pyre, and one of the evidences as to who were the victims was the body of a Pekingese flung into the bushes, a bullet through its brain.

CHAPTER VI

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

THE most ancient dog story in the world, which has been traced back to an Arabic source, is found in the folk-lore of many lands, Russia, Germany, France, and England among them. It is that of the dog who, risking his life to slay an intruder who would have killed his master's child, is himself mistaken for the offender and suffers the penalty for the crime.

The hero of the tale in our country is Gellert, the greyhound of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, a gift from his father-in-law, King John. The scene of the drama is Llewellyn's castle at the foot of Snowdon.

One day the prince went out hunting and left his only child in charge of faithful Gellert. Had Sir James Barrie this in mind when he made a dog the children's nurse in "Peter Pan"? At any rate it throws a curious light on the home life of the thirteenth century. Were there no woman attendants who could have looked after the baby? Where was the child's mother? Had she revolted against

the theory that the only method of ruling the world open to her was by rocking the cradle? Surely, had she been in another part of the building, occupied with the multifarious duties of the dames of her age, she would have looked in now and again to see if the boy wanted anything which Gellert, with the best of intentions, might be unable to supply.

Llewellyn returned glowing after a good day's sport and entered the great hall. The first thing that met his eyes was the baby's upturned cradle, and the second Gellert's bleeding mouth. Horrified at the sight, he sprang to the conclusion that his hound had killed and eaten his child, and without an instant's hesitation stabbed Gellert to the heart. The deed done, he looked round once more and heard an infant's wail. In putting the cradle right side up he discovered the baby unharmed beneath, and, not far off, a dead wolf, from whom Gellert had protected the child. Great was his remorse. He gave the dog honorable burial, and a tomb worthy of his deed.

The village of Beddgelert (the grave of Gellert) in the vale of Gwynant in Carnarvonshire is said to be the resting-place of the faithful hound, and a grassy mound, marked by a stone, is pointed out as the spot where he lies.

The French version, which differs but little from the English one, is found in the "Gesta Ro-

manorum," a collection of tales made by the monks in the fourteenth century.

In this instance the aggressor is a serpent, the nameless hound the property of a knight, Folliculus by name.

A great tournament was to be held in the neighborhood of his castle in which he was to take part. His wife and daughters accompanied him to witness his prowess in the tilting-field; and three nurses were left in charge of the son and heir. No sooner had their master and mistress departed than the servants made up their minds to follow their example and go out and enjoy themselves.

The castle was quiet; the only attendants on the child were the falcon and the hound, soon to be joined by a serpent, who, gliding into the room, crawled toward the cradle. The falcon's keen eye spotted him at once, and in great agitation he fluttered his wings to draw the hound's attention. This done, he watched from his perch the grim struggle, in which the serpent succumbed and the dog was severely injured.

The domestics returned in time, as they hoped, to give the impression they had never quitted their post. Their mirth was turned to mourning the instant they beheld the general disarray of the room, the hound's trail of blood over it all, and no sign of their nurseling. Waiting for no further investigation, they decided to leave without notice, but

had no sooner emerged from the castle grounds than they met their mistress on her return.

"Where are you going?" she naturally inquired. "Why have you left baby?"

It was hopeless to prevaricate, and they confessed their neglect of duty and its horrible consequence.

Folliculus rode up in the middle of the recital, and his hound, all wounded though he was, came out to greet him, to be met by the sharp pang of a piercing sword thrust through his body, and the sharper pang, in his loving heart, of the thought of man's ingratitude.

The miserable party reëntered the castle, to be greeted by the music of a baby's screams, and to find the child unharmed and the serpent harmless.

Folliculus, in that hour of deep contrition, broke his sword in two, and vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he ended his days.

A serpent also figures in the Italian version of the tale, in which a governess is the neglectful person, and the dramatic effect is enhanced by the presence of a burning volcano. Left in sole charge of the child of the house, she became so terrified by the hissing of steam and the stream of burning lava pouring down the mountain side, threatening destruction to the whole village, that she forgot her responsible position and fled to take cover in the plain beyond. One there was who would not forsake his post: the large house-dog Mazarello.

Sitting on his haunches, watching the little one, he saw a snake who, seizing the opportunity of doing one more bad turn to unfortunate humanity, slithered toward the baby's cot, to be balked in his fell design by Mazarello's gallant defense. When the governess, ashamed of her cowardice, returned to her duty, she found conditions similar to those related in the previous anecdotes, and Mazarello shared the same fate at the hands of his master, as his two prototypes. Posthumous fame and a handsome tombstone were his reward.

Another remarkable coincidence, connecting the brutality of barbers, the succulence of sausages, and the devotion of dogs, is shared by France and England.

The French *perruquier* lived in the thirteenth century, his English example in the nineteenth. Since a native of the former race originated the trade which required for its successful operation a periwig and a pie shop side by side, his story must come first.

Three roads in Paris claim the dishonor of having harbored him: the Rue des Deux Hermites, the Rue de La Harpe, and the Rue des Marmouzels. Unless the barber also originated the system of multiple shops of to-day, of which there is no evidence, we accept the last named, since it is given by Lurine in "Les Rues de Paris," and he considerately adds an illustration of the actual shop window.

Here in the year 1260 Gallipaud pursued his hair-dressing business, without the slightest suspicion as to his connection with the shop next door, to which customers came in a constant stream to buy the pies which the proprietress made on the premises. Customers came to the barber's too, but it was darkly whispered that they were not always seen to depart. In the Paris of that day a missing man was not sought for with the attention of the police and press.

A bell-ringer of Notre Dame, wishing to have his beard trimmed, called at Gallipaud's, leaving his dog, Crebillon, outside. The animal waited patiently for some time, but as hour succeeded hour and his master did not reappear he set up dismal howls, which attracted the attention of one of his owner's friends.

"Poor old chap; he won't be long," he said with a friendly pat.

As he repassed a little later and found Crebillon still on watch he became curious himself as to the whereabouts of the campanologist. Gallipaud, looking discreetly through the door, tried to kick the dog off. Inquiries met with the reply that the man had left some time ago, and the barber only wished the cur would follow him, since his cries were distracting.

Crowds began to gather round, and little knots of people gossiped together, shaking their heads,

with that peculiar motion which indicated that a mystery was afoot. Gallipaud's closed door and denials were of no avail; they broke in and searched the premises, but found nothing. The barber, eager to see the last of his uninvited guests, stood at the door, rubbing his hands, when Crebillon caught sight of him and flew at his throat, and, at the very hour when he wanted all his senses about him, he fainted.

This was most unfortunate in every way, for it was now decided that Crebillon should search the house on his own account. He wanted nothing better, and, rushing through the shop, sniffed at a hitherto unobserved entrance to an underground cellar, howling piteously. An opening was discovered between this chamber and the premises next door, and further investigations revealed the bell-ringer's corpse waiting for its turn in the sausage machine.

Summary vengeance was executed on the criminal: his house was burnt to the ground and himself within it. From that time forward no building was erected on the cursed spot. Crebillon did not escape the memorial monument.

The English account of a similar scoundrel was told in a penny dreadful which had a wide circulation in the middle of last century with the alluring title, "Sweeney Todd: or The Demon of Fleet Street." Todd's business premises were at the

corner of St. Dunstan's Churchyard and Fetter Lane.

The victim in this case was a certain Lieutenant Thornhill, who, when his ship anchored in the Thames, took his dog Hector with him on a day's leave to transact business in town. In the course of the day he turned in to Todd's for a shave, and Hector remained outside, gazing at the spire of St. Dunstan's. He had not the patience of Crebillon, for when he thought his master had kept him waiting long enough he pushed open the shop door and walked in.

The innocent assistant recognized him at once.

"It is the gentleman's dog, sir," says he to his employer; "it 's the gentleman's dog that was looking at old St. Dunstan's clock, that came in here to be shaved. It's funny, ain't it, sir, that the dog did n't go away with his master?"

"Why don't you laugh if it 's funny?" the barber replied. "Turn out the dog; we 'll have no dogs here."

"I would, sir, in a minute. Did you ever see such a violent-looking fellow, sir? Why, he will have down the cupboard door."

The dog was certainly getting the cupboard door open when Todd rushed forward to stop him; but he was soon admonished of the danger of doing so, for the dog gave him such a grip of the leg, that he precipitately retreated, and left the animal to do his

pleasure. This consisted of forcing open the cupboard door, seizing upon the lieutenant's hat which Todd had placed there, and dashing out of the shop with it in triumph.

With the trophy in his mouth Hector makes his way to the river, swims out to his master's vessel, and, once on board, still holding the cap in his mouth, he sinks down in an exhausted condition.

"I dread," said the captain, "an explanation of this occurrence. What on earth can it mean? That 's Thornhill's hat and here is Hector."

The captain orders a boat to be lowered, and, taking the now recovered dog with him, rows ashore. Hector takes him straight to Sweeny Todd's, who ungallantly heaves a bar at him, but does not dissuade him from his purpose of watching the sinister premises, and sniffing meanwhile the savory smell floating from the pie shop next door. The mystery is discovered at last and the criminal brought to the gallows. The shop pointed out as the scene of his crimes was left standing and afterward came into the occupation of a bookseller, who, being a rationalist, was no doubt spared ghostly visitants.

3

Turning from romance to reality, the authentic accounts of a dog's devotion to his dead master are many.

One such is recounted by Washington Irving. In the early days of last century the winter was of such severity that the Seine was frozen over and all Paris flocked to the river to enjoy winter sports. A young student, Beaumanoir, skating on thin ice, fell in and was drowned. By the hole where he sank sat his dog, who could not be dislodged, for it was unsafe to come near. Crowds on the banks watched the unhappy animal sitting on guard for several days. Many attempts were made to reach him, since it was feared he would go mad, and at length a soldier, lying full length on the ice, stretched out his arms and caught hold of him, to be bitten for his pains. Thinking the grief-stricken creature had lost its wits, he fired at it as he lay, and wounded it, but not dangerously. But the dog released his grip, and in this way the man was able to pull him to safety and afterward to give him into the charge of kind people in Paris, with whom he made his home.

A far longer vigil fell to the lot of the faithful terrier whom Wordsworth and Scott both honored in their poems entitled "Helvellyn." She belonged to a Charles Gough, a young man of promise who was spending a spring vacation rambling through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He spent some time at an inn at Paterdale, amusing himself with angling. One bright morning he announced his intention of crossing from Helvellyn

to Grassmere and, with his dog by his side, he set off for the tramp and was seen by a shepherd swinging along. He was never seen alive again, and it seemed as though his death would be an unsolved problem.

Three months later that same shepherd, guarding his flocks on the slopes of mighty Helvellyn, heard a strange bark, and, attracted by the sound, which had something unusual in it, he sought the dog. He was surprised to see it was not a strayed collie, as he expected, but of another breed, which was uncommon in those parts. He followed her out of curiosity, climbing over boulders and making somewhat dangerous descents, till on a ledge of rock he found a man's remains. This, therefore was the explanation of the young man's disappearance; he had slipped on the ice and fallen and perished from cold. And all these months the terrier had kept watch.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

A still longer vigil was that of "Gray-friars Bobby."

On a dull afternoon, some time in 1858, a humble funeral procession wended its way through the Edinburgh streets to the Gray-friars Churchyard. A few mourners, paying a last tribute to their kinsman, a Midlothian farmer named Gray, followed after it, and with them was a small shaggy Skye terrier, who stood by their side when the service was read and gazed into the open grave where the coffin containing all that was mortal of the one he loved best on earth was laid. After the relatives had departed and the hole had been filled in, Bobby remained lying on the mound. He was found there next morning by James Brown, the sexton, and, in fulfillment of the order at the gate, "No dogs admitted," turned away. How Bobby spent that day is not known. Probably he sought his master's obscure lodging, though well knowing he would go home no more. In the dusk he came back to the cemetery and, unperceived, crept in to make his bed on the grave. Expelled once more next morning, he once more crept back in the gloaming. His resolute heart was determined to have no other resting-place than where his master lay.

Brown's heart melted with pity for the shaggy, shivering little fellow, and he tried to explain to him that he must seek another home. But Bobbie gave him clearly to understand that here, in this dreary churchyard, where lay many of Edinburgh's illustrious dead, here where the Solemn League and

GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY AT THE TOMB OF HIS MASTER
From the picture by Gourley Steele

Covenant had been signed, he must make a covenant with the custodian to allow him to remain by the side of that master whose one claim to fame was that he had been greatly loved.

Brown talked to his friends about Bobby, and the Skye became famous. A sergeant from the barracks gave him a weekly ration of steak, and Trail, a friendly innkeeper, invited him regularly to dinner.

Daily when the ball rose on the summit of the Nelson flagstaff on Calton Hill two miles away, and a puff of smoke and a report announced one o'clock to the Edinburgh folk, Bobby trotted off to his house of refreshment in Gray-friars place and had his meal. However cordial his reception, however cozy the parlor, he did not linger but returned to his lonely vigil. He had to make his own arrangements for Sunday when the inn was closed, and hid scraps, jealously guarded from the cats with which the place abounded, under an adjacent tombstone, in readiness for that day.

In bad weather many attempts were made to persuade him to take shelter for the night, but his dismal howling quickly induced his would-be hosts to release him, and the little figure would be seen trotting back to the churchyard.

The officers of the law made inquiries as to who owned the terrier, and the matter was investigated at the burgh court, as reported in "The Scotsman"

of April 18, 1867. Trail, the kindly host, was summoned to pay the license. "I will do so willingly," he replied, "but the dog refuses to live with me." Brown offered to be responsible but had to confess to a like disqualification. The bench heard the story—Bobby would own no master but one who had gone to a land where taxes are not paid—and dismissed the summons.

The lord provost verified the details, and when the Skye's many admirers subscribed for a collar inscribed "Grey-friars Bobby," he himself made the presentation.

The dog became an Edinburgh character, and an artist, Steele, took him to his studio to paint him. Bobby disliked sitting and was unwilling that his daily habits should be interfered with, and no offer of food would induce him to remain after the one o'clock gun had been fired.

Thus fourteen long years passed, and he was seen to be failing. Skilful hands did what they could to relieve his sufferings, but nothing would induce him to leave his post, and on January 14, 1872, he was found dead on his master's grave. He was buried in a little plot near the Gray-friars Church, a rose-tree was planted above him, and his collar was preserved in the office at the church door.

Dr. Gordon Stables, who took great interest in him, advertised to see if he could find any details as to his master's antecedents, but received no re-

plies. The post-mortem examination of his body revealed that the disease from which the Skye suffered was cancer of the mouth which was brought about by the damp bed on which he had lain so long.

Hard by the churchyard the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has erected a drinking fountain to his memory. On the top of a granite pillar is the life-sized figure of a shaggy Skye terrier, and beneath is inscribed a tribute to his fidelity.

4

So far the dogs named in this chapter owe their fame to personal love for one of our kind. The dogs of the hospice of St. Bernard, in the Alps, are trained to an even higher sense of duty.

In the old days travelers were obliged to go on foot through the Great St. Bernard Pass on crossing from Switzerland to Italy; a carriage road now renders this journey less dangerous. St. Bernard of Meuthon some time in the eleventh century founded a hospice on the summit served by monks of the order of St. Augustine, whose duty it was to succor travelers in distress. His portrait, which hangs over the mantel-shelf in the refectory, shows him, accompanied by a dog, a greyhound in type, whose ancestors came from the neighborhood of the Pyrenees. This hound's descendants came to be known by the name of the founder of the hos-

pice, and they played an important part in succoring the snow-bound wayfarers who frequently lose their way in the drifts and lie down to sleep, never to wake again.

St. Bernards are trained from puppyhood in their duties, and dummy figures are used to instruct them in first aid. When they are fully qualified they are sent out in pairs, wearing spiked collars to protect them from the wolves, and carrying a small barrel round their necks containing food and stimulant, Should they find a traveler well-nigh spent, they lick him, lie on him to warm him, and, when he is sufficiently recovered, bring him back to the hospice. If, however, he is too far gone to move, one dog remains, and the other returns home, to fetch one of the monks, whom he guides to the spot.

The most celebrated St. Bernard was Barry, who was, altogether, instrumental in saving forty-three lives. Barry was an exception to the rule that St. Bernards employed on such arduous duties are not long-lived, ten years being about their span. When he reached that age he was allowed to retire from active service, and lived happily at the monastery, proudly wearing the medal which had been presented to him in token of his gallantry.

Five years later, in the winter of 1815, when a terrible storm was raging, old Barry became restless as a war-horse and was so eager to go forth once more that the monks let him go out on the work

of rescue. Sniffing the sleet-laden air, he came on the track of an unfortunate militiaman, who, having lost his way, was lying asleep and dying in a snow-drift. Barry licked his face, warmed him, and roused him; but the poor fellow, dazed with misery, did not understand that help had come to him in his extremity and mistook the hound for a wolf. Gripping his sword in his half-frozen hand he plunged it into Barry's heart.

Great was the grief of the monks, when they found Barry next morning, to know that he who had lived to save others had met such a fate.

They had the body stuffed and sent it to the Berne Museum, where he can be seen wearing his iron-studded collar and medal, and on a tablet beneath can be read his claim to fame.

Longfellow had him in mind when he wrote:

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior.

CHAPTER VII

PHILOSOPHERS AND FOLLOWERS

IN the middle ages the belief was widespread that one of the devil's disguises was a dog; and savants with such companions, if unduly curious in their researches, were suspected of the black art, and their dogs of being demons.

Such a fate befell Cornelius Agrippa in the fifteenth century, who kept several dogs for his pleasure, and one, his special favorite, Monsieur, accompanied him on his travels. He expected his secretary to write to him as to the welfare of those who remained at home. "Tarot, Franza and Musa, with the concubines, day and night make themselves heard, and threaten torture against thieves, but they trot so constantly about the lawn that I fear lest they may be changed from dogs to garden deities, or husbandmen, or at any rate philosophers, that is to say of the academic sort." They remained true to their species, however, whatever was feared for Monsieur, and "cried" for their master's return.

Cornelius Agrippa, invited to the courts of Europe to show his powers, failed to fulfil expec-

tations. His ill repute as a wizard waxed as his good repute as a philosopher waned, and with it grew the conviction that he had intercourse with the devil, at that time inhabiting the form of Monsieur.

"In much wisdom is much grief and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Cornelius plucked of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and it was bitter to the taste. He suffered misunderstanding and neglect, and his poverty was such that he lived in a mean lodging in Lyons. He would not leave his room for days together, and the one friend who never failed, the one companion who never forsook him, was Monsieur. Small wonder that the solitary man had long talks with his favorite, who shared his meals, sat on his table, or rummaged among his papers at his own sweet will. Agrippa's enemies regarded this as only an additional proof of the fact that he had sold himself to the evil one, but that even here he had been disappointed, since the devil permitted him to live in misery.

He was taken ill in a low cabaret in the town and lay dying. His lips framed words of tender farewell to Monsieur but his enemies used this last conversation with the dog as an additional proof of his infamy. One of them, Paul Jove, gave a most circumstantial account of his end. Agrippa, called upon to repent, turned to his dog and, removing from his neck the collar on which, in studded nails, was engraved a necromancer's charm, bade him,

"Depart, unhappy beast, the cause of my eternal damnation!" Cursed by his master's dying breath, the miserable creature fled the house and drowned himself in the Saône.

Wiser contemporaries denied that Monsieur was the devil "as others truly affirm." Agrippa's disciple, Jean Weir, anxious to reëstablish his good name, went fully into the matter. "It was a medium-sized dog," he wrote, "very friendly with me, and when we went out together I used to take him on the lead. He was a real dog—a male. On his walks he courted lady-dogs, and one with such good success that he made her—Mademoiselle—his wife!"

Agrippa's contemporary, Dr. Johann Faustus, whose deal with the devil has inspired immortal literature, "studied at Cracow and learned magic, as it used to be actively taught there, where public lectures were read on the art. Afterward he roamed about and talked of secret things. . . . When he yet lived, he went about with a dog, who was the devil."

This, as coming from the sober reformer, Philip Melancthon, shows how deeply rooted was the belief that the evil one roamed the earth in canine form.

FAUST. Do you see that black dog, where through the green blades,
Of the soft springing corn and the old stubble,

He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

WAGNER. I have seen him this while past, but thought not of him
As any way strange.

FAUST. Look at him carefully;
What do you take the brute to be?

WAGNER. Why, nothing ,
But a poor fool of a poodle puzzling out
His master's track, whom I suppose he has lost.

FAUST. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? Nearer and yet nearer
Each turn—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparks of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

WAGNER. I can see nothing more than a black dog;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

FAUST. Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare.

Faust insists that the dog is a spirit; Wagner, that he is a merry fellow, who snarls at strangers, wags his tail, and retrieves sticks. The philosopher, convinced against his will, takes the poodle home with him. While sitting meditating in his study the dog disturbs him greatly, running up and down the

floor and smelling and snuffling at the door. "Go to sleep on your cushion," he entreats; "take your ease"; but this is far from being the new-comer's intention. He growls and he snarls, and when Faust opens the New Testament he becomes so very noisy that none, the learned doctor wisely says, "could bear this whine incessant."

At this moment the dog reveals his true nature, increasing in size, his eyes gleaming, his jaw grinding like a hippopotamus; he is recognized as a whelp of hell, trembling at the name of "Him who died on earth a death of shame." Larger he grows till it seems as though the room cannot contain him, and he vanishes in a mist, as Mephistopheles, the vapor dissipating, steps from behind the stove in the costume of a traveling scholar, at which Faust explains: "This then was the poodle's kernel!"

When the drama draws to its close, and Mephistopheles has wrought all the evil that he can, Faust turns on him:

"Dog! abhorred monster! turn him. O thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell, to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast!"

Niccolo Machiavelli's dog has existence in print, for in a rare pamphlet, "Machiavel's Dog" (the copy of which in the British Museum has no title-page), the Florentine statesman instructs his hound as to his rôle:

Say truth good dogge, and doe not spare to barke,
But snarle and snappe at every sneaking thief,
Let not a Curre goe leering in the darke,
But shew thy kind, bough like a dogge, be briefe;
Lie at the door, give warning to the house,
Scratch at a flea, and care not for a louse.

He has to guard the farm-yard, "runne at the roague," should a fox attack the chicken pen, and course him "to his denne"; and his duty to defend the household from the larger mammals such as lions, bulls, and bears is also clearly stated. Having fulfilled his multifarious duties in this way, he has to have the human understanding to decide what shall be his master's career—lawyer, soldier, gallant, scholar, physician, musician:

What shall wee then doe? speake once like a
Dogge.
Shall we turne Poete? proud Satiricalle . . .
Write Epitaphs upon the death of dogges
And say, here lyes a good olde sucking Curre;
And so good Dogge, lie downe and take thy rest,
The beggars all are going home to bed:
Each little birde is nuzling in her nest.
And every horn'd beast ginnes to cast the head,

And every Mowse into her hole is gone,
And thou hast little left to thinke upon.

Another pamphlet, published in 1638, deals with "The Discovery of a London Monster called THE BLACKE DOGGE OF NEWGATE profitable for all readers to take heed by." It contains "certaine fearfull Visions appearing to the Authour of this Book most worthy to be noted."

The writer, according to Sir John Harrington, was Luke Hutton, a man of family and university training, who, instead of profiting by his opportunities, followed the primrose path which led him to Newgate and ultimately to the scaffold. In this poem, which may be a prison poem, he bids the gentle reader "marvell not"; but it is difficult not to marvel, "though in a mad humour I have thus published 'The Black Dogge of Newgate,' and here shown his tricks to the wide world to wonder at, he is but a Curre indeed."

Hutton had read in an old chronicle that there was a walking spirit in the prison in the guise of a black dog, which appeared when the sessions were held, and paraded the prison yard on the night of an execution. How came he there?

In the reign of Henry III famine held England in its grip; London suffered even more than the provinces, and many citizens were starved to death. The plight of the prisoners in Newgate was such

that they ate one another,—as a rule the new arrivals, as having more flesh on them,—but if this supply failed, they chose from among their number "such as could make no resistance."

A certain scholar was committed to jail on suspicion of conjuring, a crime allied to the black art, and he "by charms and devilish witchcrafts had done much hurt to the king's subjects," and consequently was fair game for the famished prisoners, who killed him forthwith, and deemed him "passing good meate."

The cannibals were not without misgivings, and when a man with a broomstick appeared to them they recognized their victim, who soon changed his human form to that of a black dog, fearful to behold, "a Cerberus, worse than a Cerberus even. Black he was, with curling snakes for hairs, his eyes like torches, his breath was poison and smoke came from his nostrils." His mouth opened thrice as wide as Cerberus's, his lips, like the gates of hell, were painted with decay; and his "tongue was a clapper tolling poor men to ring a peal in hell."

When the scholar's murderers met this awful monster walking up and down the prison, "ready with his ravening paws to tear out the bowels," they recognized him whose "human flesh they had so hungrily eaten." To say the least of it he got on their nerves, as his ghostly growls reëchoed through the courtyards. In order to escape him they com-

mitted another crime, killing the keeper, and breaking prison. It was in vain: the black dog had marked them for his own and wherever they went they were aware of his shadowy presence at their side.

Luke Hutton also suggests a symbolic explanation of the ghostly hound: "The Blacke Dogge is a black conscience, haunting none but black-conditioned people, such as Newgate may challenge to be guests, yet this rugged Curre hath his several abidings, as in the bosom of Traytors, Murtherers, Thieves, Cut-purses, Cunny-catchers and the like."

Many Blacke Dogges have walked in shape of men
And with deceits the commonwealth aggreev'd.

The author's own experience of the black dog was unfortunate, for the dog pounced upon him when he was walking the streets and, before he knew where he was, had him under lock and key. He inquired his address of the jailer:

This house is Newgate, gently he replied,
And this place Limbo, wherein now thou art:
Untill thou pay a fine, here must thou bide,
With all these bolts which do agreeve thy heart.

As condemned criminals, roped and corded, were escorted to the cart which was to take them to Tyburn, the black dog accompanied them, augmenting their cares as he sat by the driver's side, till

came the closing scene of their poor tragedy. For those who remained there was a note of hope:

> Have thou no doubt but time shall set thee free
> And yet hereafter learn thee to beware,
> Of this Black Dog, and do his dangers flee,
> Give others warning, lest like fall their share
> Say to the world, when thou art free from hell,
> Newgate's Black Dog thou saw and knew too well.

"I will not request you," naïvely concluded the author, "according to the old proverb to 'Love me, Love my Hound' but only, love me, and hang my Dogge, for he is not worthy so good a name as Hound."

This proves two things, first that you can hang a ghost, secondly that the phrase, "Love me, love my dog," usually attributed to Sir John Harrington, was but a quotation on his part, for the author of this pamphlet suffered for his crimes several years before Harrington was born.

Three sixteenth century savants were fortunate in that confining their studies to pure scholarship and not dabbling in necromancy, they were allowed to enjoy the friendship of their dogs without comment. Jean Sambuc's two favorites, Bombo and Medel, accompanied him on his peregrinations from one European university to another and were his sole escort. He never met with a mishap, which was a notable tribute to their usefulness in those

days of difficult and dangerous traveling. In gratitude for their many good qualities he dedicated Latin verses to them, extolling their strength and their heroism, and had their portraits engraved with his own, as a frontispiece to his work "Emblemata."

He must have visited Louvain, and when there, in all probability, have met his fellow-schoolman, Justus Lipsius, one of the leading professors. In that case Bombo and Medel will have made the acquaintance of Lipsius's dogs, Sapphire, Mopsy, and Mopsikins, who were always present at their master's lectures, and whose portraits hung in his study. One of them at least, Sapphire, indulged in the student habits of the day, for Zwingler records that she was very fond of wine but did not drink to excess.

There was living in France at that time the philosopher Pierre Charron, who too may have met the aforementioned philosophers, and, if such was the case, shared with them their great attachment to the canine race. Charron, who was a friend of Montaigne, won fame in his day for his work, "Sagesse," but fortune ever eluded him, and he was so badly off that he was unable to afford any domestic help in his home.

Fortunately his little dog Turlurette filled in the gap. She did her best as a valet in bringing him his hat, gloves, and cane before he took his walks abroad, and his slippers and night-cap on his return.

THE BLACK DOGGE OF NEWGATE
From an old wood cut

He trained her very carefully, and she was of immense service to him in running messages and doing his house-keeping. "Turlurette," he would say, "take this letter to Madame Lambert"; and off she trotted in an instant, never making a mistake as to her destination. Her master had printed a series of cards for the various tradespeople, and when he wanted any commodity he would tie a placard round Turlurette's neck, telling her the name of the shop, and she promptly gave the order.

Her gala day was her master's birthday, which he celebrated with a dinner party. The first thing in the morning she was off on her errands, her little placards round her neck ordering the pastry, the fruit, and the wine, which were all promptly delivered.

After dinner her master would say, "Turlurette, coffee"; and off she went to the nearest coffee-house, bringing a boy back with her with a laden tray. Then came her reward. "A biscuit for Turlurette," said Charron, placing a special notice round her neck; and off she went to the confectioners for her dainty. The evening's entertainment concluded with her proud master requesting her to dance on her hind legs to the guests, which she did with all the grace and agility in the world.

Her usefulness to her owner was in strong contrast to the behavior of Sir Isaac Newton's dog, Diamond, who all unwittingly destroyed an impor-

tant work on optics which had involved immense research.

It is but fair to Diamond to state that the story of his guilt in the matter has been discredited of late years. It is found in "Wensleydale," by T. Maude (first published in 1780), and is there given as authenticated by a witness then living, which is possible, for the philosopher had only been dead half a century at the time.

When Newton was at Cambridge, engaged on scientific work, he left his study with his papers about, and forgot to blow out the light when he went off to chapel. On his return the overturned candlestick and the charred fragments of paper told their own tale. Diamond had jumped on the table and been the innocent cause of the catastrophe. The work of years was destroyed, but the only reproach which fell from Newton's lips were the words:

"O Diamond! Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done me."

And yet the loss was of such serious importance that for a time his mind was affected.

A few years before the death of the great English natural philosopher was born the French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose dog Duc was as helpful to his master's work as Diamond had been harmful to Newton's.

"He is not a beautiful dog," writes Rousseau,

"but has rare qualities, and I have made him my companion and my friend; he is more worthy of this title than many of those who have taken it, and he has become celebrated at the château of Montmorency, for his loving disposition and for the love we have for one another."

Duc was remarkably intelligent; he would accompany his master on his walks and so respect his absorption—Rousseau was then writing "La Nouvelle Héloïse"—that he would never interrupt him, and would crouch silently by his side under the trees, when he sat down to read and write. Rousseau allowed him as much freedom as he claimed for himself, and Duc could wander at will. Oftentimes the author would leave some trace of his presence behind a paper or book on which he had been working,—and Duc would be sent in search, and return with the missing article in his mouth. In this way the poem "L'Allée de Sylvie," which Rousseau had just composed, was retrieved from under a tree.

Rousseau's other dog, Sultan, was with him, as he tells us in his "Confessions," when he was in exile at the village of Montiers, where the inhabitants were so furious at his presence among them that they stoned his house, terrifying his dog, and deciding him to seek a less inhospitable locality.

He found this in the island of Bienne, where he made his home for a time, and where he was comparatively happy, rowing on the lake with Sultan by

his side. He could have spent hours in this way, but "to please my poor dog, who was not so fond as I am of a long stay on the water, I commonly followed one constant course: this is going to land at the little island, where I walked an hour or two." Sultan, no doubt, greatly enjoyed these expeditions, especially later on when his master had stocked the island with rabbits.

The author returned to Paris where such was his celebrity that the English historian Hume wrote, "His very dog, though no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world."

Hume persuaded Rousseau to come with him to England, and the pair crossed the channel in 1766. Rousseau was not an easy guest, for he made it a condition of accepting any hospitality that his mistress Thérèse should be included, which was not in accordance with English feeling, but Sultan was gladly welcomed.

"Thérèse," writes Hume, "governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence his dog has acquired that ascendancy. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception."

The historian was to have an exasperating example of this infatuation. Garrick had arranged a special night at the theater for the illustrious Frenchman and set apart a box for him. Hume

called at his lodgings to escort him to the playhouse, and, much to his annoyance, was greeted with:

"I will not go: what shall I do with Sultan?"

"You must leave him behind."

"But the first person who opens the door, Sultan will run out into the streets in search of me and will be lost."

"You must lock him up in your room, and put the key in your pocket."

This was done. Historian and philosopher started downstairs, when Sultan's dismal howlings all but put a stop to the evening's outing.

"I cannot go and leave him in that condition," declared his master.

"Mr. Garrick has dismissed another company to make room for you," urged Hume. "The king and queen will be present and expect to see you. It will be ridiculous to disappoint them, unless you can give a better reason than Sultan's impatience."

And half leading, half carrying Sultan's reluctant master, they made their way into the street.

A contemporary of Newton's was Jean Foy Vaillant, the French numismatist, whose spaniel Rosette must be included in this chapter as another set-off against Diamond. Vaillant traveled Europe and the East collecting coins and medals for the cabinet of Louis XIV, and Rosette went with him. She was of signal service to him, for her keen sense of

smell warned him of snakes in the grass, and once she saved his life from a poisonous reptile by her vigilance.

While on his travels in South Africa he had to cross a vast forest. Rosette elected to sit at the back of the vehicle, which contained his baggage and collection, and he was in front. Looking round to see how she fared he was greatly distressed to find that she had disappeared. Summoning two of his Hottentot servants, he bade them ride back with all speed and seek for her. Hour after hour they searched in vain, and when the shadows of evening fell and no trace of her had been found they decided to return and report their failure. Retracing their steps their trained ear heard a faint bark, and, thus encouraged to continue their quest, guided by the sound, took another pathway, and found Rosette sitting on guard beside a small case.

They lost no time in returning with her and her treasure to the waiting carriage. Vaillant's delight in her recovery was enhanced by the further service she had rendered him, for the box contained some of his most valuable engraved stones and medals, the loss of which would have been irreparable. The baggage had evidently loosened on the jolting road, and this case, escaped from its cordage, fallen out, unobserved by any one but Rosette, who, failing to attract attention to the mishap, had decided to remain in charge.

CHAPTER VIII

FAVORITES OF THE SALON

THE Goncourts, writing on "La Femme au XVIIIième Siècle," made special reference to the love she had for dogs:

What woman has not at least one dog, idolized and spoiled, which sleeps with her, eats from her plate, is served with a fillet of venison or the wing of a pheasant, master of all pillows and cushions. The Princess of Conti has taught hers to bite her husband. Living they are famous; when they are dead they have a name and a pedigree.

The celebrated beauty Ninon de l'Enclos was no exception to this rule, though her sway was all but over when that century began. Madame de Maintenon gave her Raton, a diminutive spaniel, with black coat striped with white like a zebra and bushy tail similar to a squirrel's.

He was charmingly gentle and unusually quick-witted and used to accompany Ninon when she went out to dine, wearing an exquisite silver collar worked in filigree, a heart surrounded with marquisites with golden clasps, with a Spanish inscription, written by

one of Ninon's numerous admirers, which translated into French is as follows:

Fidèle à ma maîtresse, et, suivant tous ses pas,
Sensible aux soigns qu'elle me donne,
Prêt a mordre tous ceux qui ne l'aimerait pas,
Je n'ai peut mordre encore personne.

There were those who said it was due to Raton's ministrations that his mistress retained her looks to extreme old age, for he acted as her minister of health and allowed no overindulgence in food or drink.

At a dinner party he would sit in his basket at her side, eyeing every course. Soup, entrée, and joint passed without a comment, but at the sight of a ragout he barked disapproval. Allowing her to partake of sweets and fruit, he became greatly agitated when coffee was served, and still more so when the liqueurs were handed round. Ninon would have her *petit verre* and pretend to take a sip, and he protested. Should she repeat the performance his protest was still louder. On a third attempt on her part, he got very angry and would take the glass from her and hide it in his basket.

"Doctor, will you permit me to drink a tumbler of cold water?" asked Ninon apologetically.

Violent waving of the tail gave the required permission, and he sipped from the same glass.

Dinner over, he would run round the table and

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. BY F. H. DROUAIS

gently salute the ladies, who would reward him with macaroons. To do him justice he was as abstemious as he required his mistress to be and was content with one or two of these delicacies. At the close of the meal he danced a minuet to the delight of the guests and the joy of his owner, who was never tired of praising his charms.

A contemporary of Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame Deshoulières, was considered by Voltaire the best of the woman poets of France. She too had a charming spaniel, Zémire, who was more than usually intelligent. A considerable number of words conveyed definite meanings to her—knife, handkerchief, glove, book, pigeon, and so on. She always ran to fetch her mistress's letters from the servants, and would take them straight to her; and if she was absent would present them to the lady's-maid, utterly declining to surrender them except to some accredited member of the household.

Madame Deshoulières' salon was frequented by the wits and poets of the day, among them the poet and philosopher Fontenelle, who was one of Zèmire's warm admirers and keenly interested in her gifts, for she was easy to teach and able to grasp what was wanted of her in an instant.

The intellectual conversation would cease when Madame Deshoulières put her through her paces. "Go to bed, Zémire," she would say, and the pretty creature would go to her basket, lie down, and pre-

tend to snore. "Wake up, Zémire, and make yourself look nice," and she jumped upon a footstool and surveyed herself in the long gilt mirror with admiration, suddenly turning round to have a glance at her tail to see that that too was *comme-il-faut.* She was a regular coquette and most particular as to her appearance. Should she get dusty on a walk she insisted, upon her return, on being attended to, going up to the wash-basin, and holding up one paw, then another, for the maid to wash it, and she even expected special soap.

She used to accompany her mistress on visits, and was particularly pleased when they went to call on the Duc de Vivonne, for his two dogs Toto and Grisette were great friends of hers, and she would forget her dainty ways and run wild with them in the garden.

Madame Deshoulières had the honor of having her work crowned by the French Academy. Shortly after this she was invited to stay at a house where dogs were disliked, and Zémire was consequently left at home with the maids. For some reason or other they were compelled to leave her for twenty-four hours alone, and shut her up in her mistress's room with food and drink to suffice. The following afternoon, going up to release her, they found the food untouched and Zémire dead on the bed. The news was brought to the poet, who, dear as suc-

cess had been, knew what was dearer far. "I would willingly give up my academy prize to see her once again."

A contrast to Zémire with her social charm was Badine, the pet of the Duchesse de Roquelaure, and the pest of the poor poets who attended her salon and sought her patronage.

Badine was a snob, ill-clad guests his abomination, and he would have stayed their entrance at the door had it been permitted. One such, whose habiliments did not come up to the mark, he regularly defied. When at the request of the hostess the poet got up to read the latest outpourings of his muse, Badine rose for his regular contribution to the performance and gave him a nip in the leg.

Badine went the way of all flesh, and the poet, eager to keep in the duchess's good books, wrote a charming epitaph without shedding a tear.

Madame de Sévigné in her "Letters" makes mention of her two dogs, Marphise, the prime favorite, whom, for some reason, she left behind in Paris when she went to her country-seat, and Fidèle, an unwanted gift. She writes to tell her daughter how he came to her:

You are astonished that I have a little dog. I called to my side, with a glance, a little dog belonging to a lady who lives beyond the park. Madame de Tarente said to me, "What, do you know how to call a dog? I

will send you one, the prettiest one in the world." I thanked her, but told her I had resolved not to indulge in such a folly again. The matter passed over and I thought no more of it. Two days later I saw a man-servant enter with a tiny dog-kennel, all decorated with ribbons; and out of this pretty puppy house stepped a little dog, delicately perfumed, of extraordinary beauty, the ears, the hair, the sweet breath, small as Sylphide, fair as a blond. I have never been more astonished or more embarrassed; I wanted to send it away again but they would not take it. The maid-servant who had brought it up was nearly dying with grief. Marie (her own maid-servant) likes the little dog. He sleeps in her house in Beaulieu's room. He only eats bread. I am attached to him, for he begins to love me. I am afraid of giving in. This is the tale. I beg you not to repeat it to Marphise, because I fear his reproaches. For the rest he is wonderfully clean and is called Fidèle.

She dreaded to hurt her first favorite's feelings, as we find in another letter:

What you say of Fidèle is very delightful and charming. I am guilty of the conduct of a coquette. It is true I am ashamed and can't justify myself, as you have seen. For it is certain that I aspire to the *chef-d'œuvre* of loving but one dog, despite the maxim of Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld, and I was embarrassed about Marphise. I do not know what they have done. What reason shall I give him? This lands one

inperceptibly into lies. I shall tell him some, if not all, the circumstances of my new engagement. Finally it is an embarrassing situation and one in which I had resolved never to be.

Madame de Pompadour engraved on a cameo her two favorite dogs, Mimi and Inez, under the names of Constance and Fidèle, and their portraits were also painted by Huet. One of them also figures in a fine portrait of the courtesan by Drouet which is in Lord Rosebery's possession—a most engaging little black spaniel, standing on his hind legs looking affectionately into her face.

Buffon, the great French naturalist, her contemporary, who did not fall under her spell yet willingly accepted the charge she had left him after her death of either Mimi or Inez, gave the dog a very happy home in his house at Montbard. Buffon's noble tribute to the tame dog is well known:

Without the vices of man, he has all the ardor of sentiment; and, what is more, he has fidelity and constancy in his affections; no ambition, no interest, no desire of revenge, no fear but that of displeasing him; he is all zeal, all warmth, and all obedience; more sensible to the remembrance of benefits, he soon forgets injuries.

Passing from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, Eugénie de Guérin stands out among French women of letters who had personal touch

with dogs. She did not understand the love of them till Bijou came into her shadowed life, and even here the note of sadness is struck:

My pretty Bijou is ill, poor creature; how he suffers, how he groans! He licks my hands, and says to me, "Help me." I do not know what to do. He only takes little drops of *sirop de gomme;* which he licks from my fingers. It is the only way to feed him, half sugar, half caresses. Alas, what use is it to love him? I shall not save him. It would make me cry if I did not hold back my tears. A dog is so joyous, so caressing, so tender, so all one's own. One of my friends asked once for prayers for her little sick dog. I sneered at her misplaced affection. To-day I should follow her example. I do not find the prayer at all strange, so the heart changes the mind. I did not love Bijou then. My conscience is not troubled now at asking God to save the life of an animal.

There are a few happy references to her delight in the companionship of Bijou's successor, Trilby, who, together with the other dogs of the house, helped to wait at table when the servants were absent, who was noisy "as a hobgoblin," and even such a small detail as the fact that he had a flea in winter is not left unrecorded, or that a pumpkin having accidentally fallen from the kitchen chimney corner on his head, he ran to her for comfort. But, all too soon, "Trilby is ill, so ill that she will die." "I love my dear little dog," she writes to a friend;

"I remember that you also used to love and caress her, calling her 'rogue.' Many memories cling to Trilby and make me regret her loss. Our great loves and our small all leave us, and die in their turn. Our heart is like a tree surrounded with dead leaves."

CHAPTER IX

A PRINCE OF DOG LOVERS

THE prince of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, was also a prince of dog lovers, as his correspondence amply testifies.

The first of his favorites, Tory, a little black spaniel of the King Charles breed, "the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature," accompanied him to Italy. "You will marvel at such a name in a dog of mine," his Whig master observed, "but it was his godmother's choice."

Tory's happy life had a tragic close. Walpole, traveling along a road in the Alps, let Tory out of the chaise for a run, and he was "waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprang up the side of the rock, and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it, and screamed, but in vain . . . It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death."

He had a delightful successor in Patapan, a handsome little spaniel with golden eyes, who was named "The Silver Fleece," "and there is a new order of knighthood to be erected in his honour, in opposition to the golden. Precedents are searching and plans drawing up for that purpose."

Horace Mann wrote a poem in imitation of Martial's "Issa" in his honor.

Patapan is so vain with it that he will read nothing else. I only offered him a Martial to compare it with the original, and the little coxcomb threw it into the fire, and told me "He never heard of a lap-dog's reading Latin; that it was very well for house-dogs and pointers that live in the country and have several hours upon their hands": said he,

"I am so nice who ever saw
A Latin book on my sofa."

Another poem in Patapan's honor reveals his desire to mate:

Where shall we find a little wife,
To be the comfort of his life,
To frisk, and skip, and furnish means
Of making sweet Patapanins?

He took to himself a bride as "ugly as she was genteel, but of a very great family," and the race did not die out. His adoring master soon raised him to the kingly rank:

Sa Majesté Patapanique has had a dreadful misfortune! not lost his first minister, nor his purse—nor had part of his camp equipage burned in the river, nor had his chair pulled from under him—worse! worse! quarrelling with a great pointer last night about their Countesses, he received a terrible shake by the back and a bruise on the left eye.

This catastrophe happened at supper-time, and Sir Robert Walpole, one of the spaniel's devotees, cynically observed he had never seen ten people show so much *real* concern.

Naturally Patapan had his portrait painted, amid dignified surroundings, "a triumphal arch at a distance to signify his Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris . . . I reckon him a senator of Rome while Rome survived . . . He is writing an ode on the future campaign of this summer; it is dated from his villa, where he never was, and begins in this truly classic style, 'While you, great Sir.' "

Patapan did not understand the Norfolk dialect, and when in that country the townsfolk had strange conjectures as to his identity. "Some think he is a foreign prince come to marry Lady Mary. The disaffected say he is a Hanoverian, but the common people observe my lord's vast fondness for him, and take him for his good genius which they call his familiar."

He particularly objected to unpleasant doses, and

after having taken his medicine his master presented to him a collar of rainbow ribbons, and sat writing with him on his lap, having promised that he should never taste nasty drugs again, information which he received "as implicitly as good folks do the assurance of their never being drowned in a collective body, though all their doctors do not scruple to let them know they are to be burnt."

Walpole lost his pet in 1745, and his successor at Strawberry Hill was a black-and-tan spaniel, Rosette. She was at one time promised to Madame du Deffand, but he became so attached to the charming little creature that he could not part with her, and Madame pleaded for one of her puppies.

Shortly after Rosette came into Walpole's possession she endeared herself to him by saving his life from fire. She slept in his bedroom, and one night as he was undressing she became very restless, barking incessantly. A burglar, thought her master, crouching down and looking under the valance, to find no intruder. She continued growling at the grate. It must be the howling of the wind, he thought, though why she should suddenly have taken an objection to it was not evident, but he went to the fireplace to investigate further. Sparks were falling and the chimney was well alight; but the warning was in time, and the servants were able to extinguish the flames without further damage.

A play brought out in Paris called "Raton and

Rosette" drew an amusing letter from Walpole to G. A. Selwyn, whose dog bore the former name:

Who would ever have thought that Raton and Rosette would be talked of for one another? But neither innocence nor age are secure. People say that there never is a smoke without some fire. Here is a striking proof to the contrary. Only think of the poor dear souls having a comic opera made upon their loves. Rosette is so shocked that she insists upon Raton's posting to Paris, and breaking the poet's bones.

Madame du Deffand's correspondence with Walpole contains frequent inquiries after Rosette. Rosette had been ill, and she well understood his anxiety, adding, "I am of your opinion as to a preference for four-footed animals; they are more honest than the two-legged variety."

One of his letters, unduly weighted with accounts of political personages, drew from her the terse comment, "I prefer news of Rosette to descriptions of the cabinet." "Bring her to Paris," she urges; "I 'll have sweet biscuits for her . . . Give her my compliments, and tell her not to imitate Maroquine [the dog of Madame de Choiseul]; the grandmother says she has committed all the crimes, incest, adultery &c."

The time came when Rosette had to leave her master. "My poor Rosette is dying. She relapsed into her fits the last night of my stay at Nuneham,

and has suffered exquisitely ever since. You may believe I have too; I have been out of bed twenty times every night, have had no sleep, and sat up with her till three this morning." She lingered a short time, but in November, 1773, he announced her death to Viscount Nuneham:

The rest of my time has been employed in nursing Rosette—alas! to no purpose. After suffering dreadfully for a fortnight from the time she was seized at Nuneham, she only languished till about ten days ago. . . . I will send you her epitaph:

> Sweetest roses of the year
> Strew around my Rose's bier.
> Calmly may the dust repose
> Of my pretty faithful Rose!
> And if, yon cloud-topp'd hill behind,
> This frame dissolved, this breath resign'd,
> Some happier isle, some humbler heaven
> Be to my trembling wishes given,
> Admitted to that equal sky
> My sweet Rose bear me company.

She was buried behind the chapel at Strawberry Hill. Not long after this Madame du Deffand wrote to him to tell him of the arrival of Tonton.

I am going to prove if what you say is true, that there is nothing as lasting as the friendship of a dog: I have had one for five or six days: it is said he is the prettiest in the world: he seems to be inclined to love me, but I

am waiting to be sure before I love him in return. I have called him Tonton: he is actually on my bed. He sleeps very quietly; I envy him for that, I am not yet sure what age he is, if he is two months, or three or four.

Madame du Deffand does not at first receive his undivided attention. He dislikes celibacy, is very self-willed, but full of sense. With Kismi, the little dog who was his predecessor in her affections, she was the one object of adoration, but Tonton was soon to yield to no other in his devotion to her and hers to him. His charm and character developed early; the latter had many imperfections. But at ten months old his mistress declared that his *esprit* was much in advance of his age.

He had a wide circle of friends but he also made enemies. English visitors who had the entrée of Madame du Deffand's salon at the convent of St. Joseph were, whatever his shortcomings, expected to report favorably on him when they returned to England. "The Fitzroys cannot tell you all the good there is to say of my little dog," she wrote to Walpole; "one such as I should have formed for myself, I should have created. He loves me to distraction, jealous as a tiger, angry as a lion when he sees any one approach me. All my household love him passionately—you will be charmed with him when you meet him."

Other visitors will "tell you that he is pretty, that

he loves me, that he is jealous, that I am a fool."

His mistress wrote verses to him, extolling his charms and telling him that she who no longer wanted to love any one had given her heart to him. "I am not amiable; no one loves me but Tonton," she would remark sadly as old age and blindness crept upon her.

The reports of the spaniel had however to be entirely in his praise, and she was greatly annoyed when a truthful visitor had declared he was a "naughty boy." True it was his habit to tear the delicate lace with which the ladies' gowns were adorned, and he snapped at any one who approached too near to his mistress's "throne," but such trifles were as light as air compared to his delightful qualities.

Walpole himself did not forbear to comment when he made Tonton's acquaintance in Paris, and wrote home:

I need have the activity of a squirrel, and the strength of a Hercules, to go through my labours—not to count how many *démêlés* I have had to *raccommoder* and how many *mémoires* to present against Tonton, who grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastille every day after five o'clock. T' other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eyes out, but it ended in biting her finger.

She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see everything in the true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us the story of a lady, whose dog having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out, "Won't it make my dog sick?"

The Duchess of Luxembourg, who had heard of Tonton's dubious reputation, sent his mistress an ornamental box with his miniature on the lid, and with it the last six quartos of Voltaire, enclosing the following lines:

> Vous les trouvez tous deux charmants,
> Nous les trouvons tous deux mordants,
> Voilà la ressemblance:
> L'un ne mord que ses ennemis,
> Et l'autre mord tous vos amis,
> Voilà la différence.

Madame du Deffand was growing old, and was concerned as to who should care for Tonton when she was gone. Who but Walpole could bestow on him the affection that she gave so lavishly? "Will you when he has no mistress become his master?" she asked, and he gladly accepted the trust.

After her death her secretary wrote to him of Tonton. He "is very gentle and bites nobody, he was only naughty when he was with his mistress."

Accordingly he came over to England, and the enameled box was also left to Walpole. He accepted the little fellow as a sacred trust. "She made me promise to take care of it last time I saw her, should I survive her. That I will most religiously and make it happy as it is possible."

Tonton soon discovered that he could rule the household at Strawberry Hill as efficiently as he had ruled that of the convent of St. Joseph, as his new master quickly discovered.

"I brought him this morning to take possession of his new villa." How did he behave? The report is unfavorable. He flew at the cat and chased it from the room and then attacked another dog, who, in retaliation, bit his paw. A maid-servant was summoned to dress the wound. "Poor little fellow," she exclaimed, "he does not understand my language," and "I hope," her master adds, "she will not recollect that he is a Papist."

Walpole fell under his spell. "You will find," he writes to the Rev. William Mason, "that I have gotten a new idol, in a word a successor to Rosette; nor is this a breach of vows and constancy, but an act of piety . . . I was going to say it is incredible how fond I am of it, but I have no occasion to brag of my dogmanity. I dined at Richmond House t' other day, and mentioning whither I was going, the Duke said, 'Own the truth, shall you not call at home first and see Tonton?' He guessed rightly.

He is now sitting on my paper as I write—not the Duke but Tonton."

As a matter of fact that was his usual place, and one day, when his master was reading Crabbe and criticizing his work, he decided that one phrase gave him great pleasure: "A dog, though a flatterer, is still a friend." "It made me give Tonton a warm kiss and swear it was true."

Tonton was greatly honored by a special invitation from the Princess Sophia to call on her at the Pavilion. His master, who had taken Rosette uninvited to the houses of the great, saying, "Have me, have my dog," accepted for him. "I have consented to carry him. How weak is mortal man! That I should live to let my dog be a courtier!"

It is a loss to literature that Walpole did not fulfill his intention of sending a collection of Tonton's bon mots to one of his correspondents.

I have found a precedent for such a work. A grave author wrote a book on the hunt of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy; and of *les Dit du bon chien, Souillard, qui fut au Roi Loy de France onzième du nom.* Louis XII, the reverse of the predecessor of the same name, did not leave to his historian to celebrate his dog Relais, but did him the honour of being his biographer himself: and for a reason that was becoming so excellent a King. It was *pour animer les*

descendans d'un si brave chien à se rendre aussi bon que lui, et encore meilleurs.

Tonton's happy existence at Strawberry Hill ended when he was sixteen. Feeble, deaf, and nearly blind, he passed quietly away in the end without a sigh, and was buried by the side of Rosette.

"I shall miss him greatly, and must not have another dog," wrote Walpole. "I am too old and should only breed it up to be unhappy when I am gone. My resource is in two marble kittens which Mrs. Damer has given me, of her own work, and which are so much alive that I talk to them as I did to poor Tonton."

He had no other dog of his own, but he had a canine visitor in his late favorite's god-dog, the Misses Berry's Tonton, who stayed with him when his mistresses were abroad. Tonton the second was affectionate to his host, who gladly gratified his rather unusual taste for strawberries, but on the whole he preferred "the footboy or a bone on the lawn to my company. In the evening I allow him to lie on every couch and chair, and he thinks me agreeable enough. I must celebrate the sense of Fidèle, Mrs. Damer's (the sculpturess's) terrier. Without making the slightest gesture, her mistress only said to her, 'Now, Fidèle, you may jump on any chair you please.' She instantly jumped on the

sofa, and so she did in every room, for the whole two days she stayed."

Walpole records Fidèle's death at Lisbon with the sympathy of one who knew what it was to mourn a dog friend.

CHAPTER X

THE NURSERY KENNELS

PUNCH and Judy came to us from Italy, though they have been traced to an earlier source in the Levant. Silvio Forillo invented Pulcinello, and introduced him into the impromptu comedies of Naples about the year 1600, and he was brought over to England during the reign of William III.

It has been suggested that Punch is a morality play, the interpretation being that first of all the hero is overtaken by weariness and laziness in the form of a black dog: thus the innocent Toby of our childhood is linked with Faust's follower, and others of dark fame. Having overcome him, Punch conquers disease in the form of a physician, Death in the form of a skeleton, and finally the devil himself.

In "The Wonderful Drama of Punch and Judy and Their Little Dog Toby, as performed to overflowing balconies at the corner of the street, by Papernose Woodensconce Esq." (published in 1854), Toby is given a most important part to

play. Punch and his friend Joey fight, and Punch is getting the worst of it:

PUNCH. Murder! Thieves! Toby, come and help your Master! [TOBY *barks below.* JOEY *disappears.* TOBY *rises barking,* PUNCH *embraces him.*]

PUNCH. There's a beautiful dog! I knew he'd come to help his master; he 's so fond of me. Poor little fellow! Toby, ain't you fond of your Master? [TOBY *snaps.*]

PUNCH. O my nose!

PROPRIETOR. Mr. Punch, you don't conciliate the hanimal properly; you should promise him something nice for supper.

PUNCH. Toby, you shall have a pail of water and a broom-stick for supper. [TOBY *snaps again.*] I 'll knock your brains out.

PROPRIETOR. Don't go to 'urt the dog, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. I will!

PROPRIETOR. Don't!

PUNCH. I 'll knock his brains out and cut his throat!

PROPRIETOR. How? With your stick?

PUNCH. I will! So here goes! One! Two! [JONES, *a respectable tradesman, Toby's former master, rises, and receives the blow, intended for* TOBY, *on his head.*] Three!

JONES. Murder! [*rubbing his head to* PUNCH] I shall make you pay for my head, sir.

PUNCH. And I shall make you pay for my stick, sir!

JONES. I have n't broken your stick.
PUNCH. And I have n't broken your head.
JONES. You have, Sir!
PUNCH. Then it was cracked before.
JONES. [*seeing* TOBY]. Why that 's my dog Toby! Toby old friend, how are you?
TOBY. Bow, wow, wow!
PUNCH. He is n't your dog.
JONES. He is!
PUNCH. He is n't!
JONES. He is. A fortnight ago I lost him.
PUNCH. And a fortnight ago I found him.
JONES. We 'll see if the dog belongs to you, Mr. Punch. You shall go up to him and say, "Toby, poor little fellow—how are you?"
PUNCH. Oh! I'm to go up to him and say, "Toby, poor little fellow— how are you?"
JONES. Yes!
PUNCH. Very good [*to* JONES]. We 'll soon see. [*Goes up to* TOBY]. Toby, poor little fellow, how are you? [TOBY *snaps at* PUNCH'S *nose.*]
JONES. There, you see?
PUNCH. What?
JONES. That shows the dog 's mine.
PUNCH. No—it shows he 's mine.
JONES. Then if he 's yours why does he bite you?
PUNCH. Because he likes me.
JONES. Pooh! Nonsense! We 'll soon settle. which of us the dog belongs to, Mr. Punch. We 'll fight for him. I 'll have

the dog to back me up. Toby, I 'm going to fight for your liberty. If Punch knocks me down, you pick me up; if Punch wallops me, you wallop him.

PUNCH. But I 'm not going to fight three or four of you.

JONES. The dog is only going to back me up.

PUNCH. Then somebody must back me up. *To* PROPRIETOR] Will you back me up, sir?

PROPRIETOR [*always willing to oblige*]. Certainly, Mr. Punch. [*They take places for a fight.*]

PROPRIETOR. Now, you don't begin till I say "Time." [PUNCH *knocks* JONES *down.*] Mr. Punch, that was n't fair.

PUNCH. Well you said "Time!"

PROPRIETOR. I did n't!

PUNCH. What did you say then?

PROPRIETOR. I said, you don't begin till I say "Time."

PUNCH. There you said it again. [*Knocks* JONES *down again.*]

JONES. Toby, I 'm down! Back me up. [TOBY *flies at* PUNCH.]

TOBY. G-r-r-r-r-r-r [*Bites* PUNCH.]

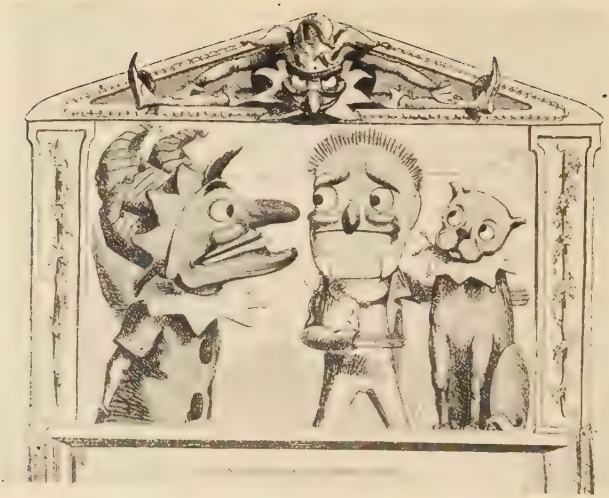
PUNCH. It is n't fair, he did n't say "Time."

JONES. At him again Toby. Good dog.

TOBY. G-r-r-r-raw-wow! *Bites again.*]

PUNCH. Murder! I say, sir, please call him off!

PROPRIETOR. Mr. Punch, you must wait till I say



THE WONDERFUL DRAMA OF PUNCH AND JUDY
Illustrations by The Owl (London, 1854)

"Time." [TOBY *attacks* PUNCH *furiously defending his former master.*]

JONES. Perhaps, Mr. Punch, you 'll own he 's my dog now.

PUNCH. No, I won't!

JONES. Then anything to please you; I 'll tell you what we 'll do.

PUNCH. What?

JONES. We 'll toss for him.

PUNCH. Very well.

JONES. You cry. [*Tosses.*]

PUNCH. Head!

JONES. Tail! It 's a tail. Come along, Toby, you 're mine.

PUNCH. He is n't, he 's mine.

JONES. I cried tail!

PUNCH. Then take his tail! I cried head, and you sha'n't have that!

JONES. I 'll have my half.

PUNCH. And I 'll have mine.

[*They pull* TOBY *between them. The struggle lasts for some time during which* TOBY *sides with his former master, by whom he is eventually carried off in triumph.*]

PUNCH. [*calling after them*]. I would n't have him as a gift: he 's got the distemper.

Dickens took an interest in dogs Toby, and in "Shy Neighbours" he mentions two that have come under his observation:

I never saw either guilty of the falsehood of failing to look down at the man inside the show, during the whole performance. The difficulty other dogs have in satisfying their minds about these dogs, appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must encounter them over and over again as they trudge along in their off minutes behind the legs, and beside the drum, but all dogs seem to suspect their frills and jackets.

Toby on the cover of the leading British humorous journal, with a sad and wistful look, despite the gallant feather in his cap, did not figure in the first issue of the paper, on which there was a group of Tobys in top-coats and bonnets, inscribed "Funny Dogs with Comic Tales." The familiar illustration was the sixth design by Richard Doyle.

The first favorite to step out of the Nursery Rime Kennels is *Mother Hubbard's* famous dog. The origin of that lady, if not of her canine friend, dates from the time of Spenser's political satire, "Prosopopeia; or Mother Hubbard's Tale;" and Thomas Middleton wrote of her mate, *Father Hubbard.* As he does not figure in the poem we must conclude that she was a widow at the time that she came into public notice in "The Comic Adventures of Mother Hubbard and Her Dog," first published as a toy book in 1806, with but three verses: the further adventures came later. *Mother Hubbard* was a bad housekeeper, her dog a humorist. She

went no fewer than twelve separate errands on his account, and the empty larder of the opening of the story was evidently due to lack of foresight rather than poverty. She began with the baker's, returning with a loaf, to find him, so she thought, dead. Naturally her next call was at the undertaker's, a fruitless errand, for here on her return he was laughing. One can only hope she lived over the shops, for her business included buying him linen, ale, tripe, and a wig, and during her many absences he spent his time in occupations as various as spinning, feeding the cat, reading the news, dancing a jig. When his indefatigable mistress had finished her purchases, he dressed himself up as a dandy and exclaimed "Bow-wow."

Of what breed was this interesting specimen of the canine race? asks a contributor to "Notes and Queries":

It is impossible to suppose that the British mastiff—the good old Talbot—would have lent himself to the wanton and undignified amusements of the sprightly canine whose achievements are so graphically recorded in the poem. Nor can I readily believe that any small spaniel would have had sufficient *aplomb* and daring to drink, to smoke tobacco, to simulate death, or to seduce from its more seemly avocations a (for we all know to the contrary) sedate and virtuous goat. One would like to imagine that the dog in question was a poodle.

At any rate it ranks highest in intelligence in nursery rime literature, for *Buff,* whose master expects him to do the shopping, is somewhat of a muff and would have been put to shame by Harrington's Bungey. "I sent him to a shop to buy me snuff, but he lost the bag and spilled the stuff."

Out of another kennel steps the dog whose mistress went to market, and probably, though this point is omitted so as not to shock juvenile ears, indulged over-freely, for on her way home she fell asleep on the king's highway, thus giving an opportunity to a most ungallant gentleman of the name of *Stout* to cut her petticoats round about.

Waking up and shivering with cold, she did not know her self in this abbreviated attire.

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me.
If it be I he'll wag his little tail.
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I."

Tommy Tinker's dog was more Argusian in his memory, but lacked conversational powers, for his sole observation, beyond the fact that he belonged to his master, was the inevitable "Bow-wow-wow."

Another dog with a sense of fun was the unnamed

humorist who, attracted by the unusual sight of the cow jumping over the moon, "laughed to see such craft, and the dish ran away with the spoon"—a dresser scandal which makes one doubt the dog's sobriety.

CHAPTER XI

AUTHORS' COMRADES

I

AUTHORS stand in a special relationship to the dogs they love, for they are able to immortalize them in literature. Thus John Gay wrote poetic tributes to his dog Tray, to the lap-dog Shock, and to Alexander Pope's celebrated Dane, Bounce.

Before Bounce came on the scene Pope had a poodle—a bit of a mongrel apparently—whose intelligent interest in his affairs was shown in many directions. On one occasion when the poodle, Marquise, had been for a walk with her master in the woods round Twickenham, the poet on his return discovered that he had lost a greatly valued watch, the gift of the queen. Marquise was informed and sent in search of the treasure. To look for a watch in a wood with falling leaves has something of the quality of the search for a needle in a bundle of hay. Afternoon passed and evening came on and Marquise did not return, but the following

morning when the poet opened his bedroom door he found the poodle, her paws on the rug, the souvenir unbroken in her mouth.

That bedroom was to be the scene of a dramatic incident. Marquise had taken such an aversion to the valet that she was not allowed to enter the chamber. One night she crept in unperceived by her master who undressed and went to bed and to sleep, to be awakened by sounds of a terrific struggle, in which, so far as he could judge by the screams of a man and the snarls of a dog, the dog was getting the mastery.

Pope with his unhappy infirmity felt unable by himself to grapple with the intruder, and rushed to the window to call for help. In the dim moonlit garden he discerned three shadowy figures under the trees, who fled at the sound of his cries, which roused the household to come to his assistance. Marquise stood over the prostrate form of her foe, now recognized as the valet, whose hand still grasped the pistol, with which he intended to shoot his master and subsequently, with his three accomplices, to loot the house.

Pope, who had quarreled with Wycherley, the dramatist, writes in a querulous letter:

There has not been wanting one to insinuate malicious truths of me, to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have some effect upon him. . . . The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so con-

temptible a one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued, who follows me as constantly here in the country, as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.

Now I talk of my dog that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen prompts me to. I will give you some account of him, a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. . . . You are to know, then, that as it is likeness begets affection, so my favorite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has, what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in, a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill-used by others than when we walk quietly or peaceably by ourselves. If it be a chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to.

Bounce, Pope's second favorite, was well known in the literary society of the day. His master had made so many enemies by the publication of the "Dunciad" that it was feared some attack might be made upon him, especially as he loved to walk out alone, but he would take Bounce with him "and for some time carried pistols in his pocket."

Bounce had to stay at Twickenham when his

master left home for Bath, "having kissed Bounce my only friend there," says the author, who occasionally mixed vitriol with the ink.

Gay's poem, "Bounce to Fop," with the fuller title, "An epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a dog at Court," shows that Bounce was well able to hold his own with his aristocratic friend:

> When the Court dogs have had their day
> Fair Thames from either echoing shore
> Shall hear and dread my manly roar,

and he goes on to prove his social value:

> Nobles whom arms or arts adorn
> Wait for my infants yet unborn.
> None but a peer of wit and grace
> Can hope a puppy of my race.

And there was truth in the boast, for Bounce's offspring was greatly sought after, and "His Royal Highness received two such honourable presents" as a whelp of his and the freedom of the City, wrote Lord Lyttleton, who had a sense of proportion. For a collar of one of his offspring Pope wrote the well-known couplet:

> I am his Highness' dog at Kew.
> Pray tell me, sir whose dog are you.

Pope, as he lay dying, feared to hear the news of his dog: "I dread to inquire into the particulars of the fate of Bounce. Perhaps you have concealed

them as Heaven often does unhappy events, in pity to the survivors, or not to hasten on my end by sorrow. I doubt not how much Bounce was lamented."

"O Rare Bounce," was the inscription originally chosen for his tombstone, but, remembering that the first two words had been inscribed on Ben Jonson's grave in Westminster Abbey, in honor of so great a name, Pope refused to repeat the epitaph.

In the next generation Cowper keeps the flag of dog love flying. He was one of those rare souls to whom all animate and inanimate nature are akin; there was heard "his voice in all her music." The wild timid hares in the woods were his friends, but his supreme ally among the dumb animals was his spaniel, Beau.

'I must tell you a great feat of my dog Beau," he writes to his friend, Lady Hesketh. "Walking by the river side I observed some water lilies floating at a little distance from the bank. They are a large white flower with an orange coloured disk, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and having your long cane in my hand by the help of it endeavoured to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain, and I walked forward. Beau had all the time observed me very attentively. Returning soon after toward the same place I observed him plunge into the river while I was

about forty yards distant from him; and, when I had nearly reached the spot, he swam to land with a lily in his mouth which he came and laid at my feet."

This episode he enshrined in a poem, "The Dog and the Water-lily," as he did another and less praiseworthy incident in the spaniel's career, in which he is gently reproached for killing a young bird, which he does not even require for food, and forgiven when the poet remembers that in this action he greatly resembles man.

Lady Hesketh was a particular friend of dog and poet, and Cowper wrote to her:

> Received from my master, on account current with Lady Hesketh, the sum of one kiss on my forehead.
> Witness my paw.
>
> BEAU.
>
> HIS (X) MARK

Another joint friend was Samuel Rose, whom Beau greatly missed when he concluded his visit. Was this on account of Rose's dog Flora, to whom the spaniel was so attached that he made off to her home at Gayhurst to call and had to be brought back by a man-servant? His repeated visits to the lady worried his master considerably, who feared that he would be snatched up by a dog thief. As he said, "I could by no means spare my dog."

And indeed he could not, for Beau would try

to cheer him when the black cloud of despondency had settled upon him, sitting on his knee when he was lost in gloomy thoughts, biting the end of his pen, and frisking round the room, trying to win a smile and caress from the overburdened man.

Cowper's portrait was painted by Abbot, and when it was sent to Olney the spaniel was naturally required to give his verdict. "Every creature that has seen it has been astonished at the resemblance. . . . Beau walked up to it wagging his tail as he went, and evidently showing that he acknowledged its likeness to his master."

As great a lover of the canine race, in the person of one of its members, was Walter Savage Landor, a man of five and twenty when Cowper died. Landor fell under the spell of a little white Pomeranian, Pomero, sent to him from his villa at Fiesole and consigned to John Forster, subsequently Landor's biographer, to be brought to England. He won the heart of his escort at first sight, "dazzling me, as I well remember, by the eager brightness of his eye and the feathery whiteness of his coat, as he pushed his nose through the wicker basket in which he had travelled the last stage of his journey. 'Eighteen shilling for me padrone,' was the message sent me in Landor's next letter, informing me that they were already on speaking terms, and that I was to be reimbursed his fare from Florence."

Pomero and the poet were well-known figures as they paced the streets of Bath. Passers-by would turn with a friendly smile as they met the two on their daily walk, the illustrious old man in his shabby brown garments and battered hat, and Pomero's shining white fur and smart appearance; "certainly he has the better coat," remarked his proud master. "Love and a bite" from Pomero, he wrote to Forster: "the young rascal, not content with the advantage he already had, is always trying to make it greater. He will have to pay at least half my tailor's bill, besides the mending of my new silk stockings."

Pomero would sit in the embrasure of the old-fashioned window, watching the passers-by with his eager bright eyes; "a sad male gossip," Landor commented, shaking his head and kissing his favorite.

The Pomeranian and the poet conversed in Italian, and Landor would consult him about his affairs. The life they shared was altogether charming. Should a visitor call and the poet burst out laughing the little dog would join them so heartily that the merriment could be heard up the street. They attended concerts together, and Pomero was greatly affected by the singing of Luisina de Sodre, sitting on the edge of her gown and accompanying her singing with his own vocal efforts. The lady can hardly

have enjoyed the duet as much as Landor, who, however, added somewhat pathetically, "He sings even worse than I do."

It was a sad day for Pomero when the author paid his yearly visit to his old home at Warwick, for the dog was left behind. But he was always in his master's thoughts. "Daily do I think of Bath and Pomero. I fancy him lying on the narrow window-sill, and watching the good people go to church. He has not yet made up his mind between the Anglican and Roman Catholic; but I hope he will continue in the faith of his forefathers if it will make him happier."

Neither did Landor take him with him to London for fear that he would be stolen. "I would rather lose Ispley or Llanthony [his family inheritance]," he said, "than Pomero," who fortunately was adored by the Bath household and taken good care of when his master was away. "The people of the house love him like a child, and declare he is as sensible as a Christian. He not only is as sensible, but much more Christian than some of those who have lately brought strife and contention into the Church. Everybody knows him high and low, and he makes me quite a celebrity."

When Landor returned home Pomero's joy was unbounded; he shrieked with delight, twinkling his ears, and wagging his feathery tail in greeting. "He is now," Landor wrote to Forster, after one

of these joyous welcomes, "sitting on my head, superintending all I write and telling me to give his love."

As time went on, Ipsley and Llanthony were as dust in the balance to Pomero. A lady once asked the author:

"For how much will you part with him?"

"Not for a million of money, madam."

"Not for a million!"

"Not for a million. A million would not make me at all happier; the loss of Pomero would make me miserable for life."

Alas for the shortness of a dog's span: for but twelve years the Pomeranian and the poet shared their lives. On March 10, 1856, Landor wrote: "Pomero, dear Pomero, died this evening at about four o'clock; I have been able to think of nothing else." And a few days later: "Everybody in the house grieves for Pomero. The cat lies day and night upon his grave, and I will not disturb the kind creature, though I want to plant some violets upon it, and to have his epitaph placed around his little urn."

"Love and let others love you," Landor might have said of his relation with man. Byron suffered from something akin to hatred of his species, which found its fullest expression in the well-known inscription on his Newfoundland dog Boatswain, who, born in that country in 1803, had but five years to

his count. He was taken ill at Newstead with rabies, his master, unheeding, or not knowing the extreme danger, himself wiping away the saliva from his foaming mouth. Byron announced his death to his friend Hodgson. "Boatswain is dead! —he expired in a state of madness, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to anyone near him. I have now lost everything, except old Murray."

But "old Murray" even was ruled out when he wrote the "record" for the Newfoundland's monument, erected in the garden at Newstead, where, when his time came, he desired himself to lie. It described his favorite in glowing terms as possessed of "beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This phrase, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is just tribute to the memory of Boatswain." In the verses printed beneath this eulogy he records his poor opinion of humanity, as compared with dogmanity, man, "the feeble tenant of an hour," claiming for himself an "exclusive heaven:

> To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
> I never knew but one—and here he lies.

The author was but twenty at the time.

SCENE AT ABBOTSFORD, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER
Tate Gallery
Photo. by [illegible] A. Spottiswoode, Ltd., London

Byron had not always such good fortune among his canine friends. Thomas Moore tells us that, after reading Southey's poem of "Roderick, the Last of the Visigoths," in which the hound Theron plays as faithful a part as Argus, recognizing his master when he returns worn and weather-beaten after many years, he wrote to the poet:

I should like to know from you, who are one of the philocynic sect, whether it is probable that any dog (out of a melodrama) could recognize a master, whom neither his own master nor mistress was able to find out. I don't care about Ulysses' dog—and—all I want to know from *you* (who are renowned as "friend of the dog, companion of the bear") is whether such a thing is probable.

He received the following reply:

On your question about the dog. Umph! my mother, I won't say anything against, that is, about her. . . . As for canine recollections, as far as I can judge by a cur of my own (always bating Boatswain, the dearest, and, alas, the maddest of dogs), I had one, half a wolf by the she side, that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. I thought he was going to enact Argus; he bit away the back side of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him. So let Southey blush, and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon quadruped memories.

2

It would not be easy to find a greater contrast in character between literary men than between Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, yet they had a common trait in their love of dogs. Scott had several favorites in the flesh and many more in fiction, so that if novelists, as some assert, are to meet the creatures of their imagination in another sphere, Scott's mansion will have many kennels.

First in the list is Camp: his sire, a black-and-tan terrier, Doctor; his mother a brindled bull. He was his master's constant companion both on his walks and in his study. The family one day were visiting a wild cataract in Dumfriesshire, known as the Gray Mare's Tail. Scott, owing to his lameness, made his way with difficulty into the rocky cavern, occasionally pausing to rest. Camp, who was ahead, listened for his footsteps, and whenever they faltered jumped back, licked his face and hand, as if to encourage him, and then led the way onward once more.

Camp had a great turn for fun and taught himself tricks, much to the amusement of the family, and he was an excellent amateur sportsman. "The wisest dog" I ever saw, was his owner's verdict. "I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication

betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him and explained the enormity of the offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room with every appearance of distress. Then if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt after all, Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced."

Camp as he grew older was to know the disadvantage of lack of agility. "When he was unable towards the end of his life to attend me on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him that his master was coming down the hill or through the moor, and though he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or out at the back to get down the moor-side."

His great fault was that he had a vendetta against other dogs, which more than once got him and his master into serious trouble, but even this propensity was kept in check by his respect for his owner's glance.

Scott tended him during a dangerous illness, from which he happily recovered, and lived for several

years more much in favor. When he was twelve years old he died in the house in Castle Street, Edinburgh, and was buried on a fine moonlight night in the garden opposite the study window. The whole family went to the funeral and stood round the grave. Scott, as his daughter records, "with the saddest expression she had even seen on him," smoothed the turf over the mound and excused himself from an invitation to dinner that evening on account of the "death of a dear old friend."

Camp sat for his portrait no less than three times, being introduced in Raeburn's and in Saxon's portraits of his master, and he was also painted alone as a gift to one of his admirers.

Lesser loves were to follow: Wallace, a Scotch terrier, specially bred by Miss Dunlop "to show her gratitude to the poet who had so often beguiled and delighted the solitary life she led"; Hamlet, a black greyhound,—"I count him a real treasure,"—who, together with Percy, is referred to in the second canto of "Marmion" as "fleet of foot" and "sure of fang." Percy's reign was a short one. His tombstone bore the inscription *"Cy Gist le Preux Percie,"* his master hoping that future historians would debate which hero of the house of Northumberland had left his bones in Teviotdale. Ginger and her peppery sister Spice, a renowned rat-catcher, successfully contested the fireside with Ourisque, Lady Scott's favorite, who remained in

her room after her death "without stirring and without tasting food for many hours, when all of a sudden it transformed its regard to Anne, and now lies on Anne's bed, whom two days since she would not allow to touch her. Its fondness for me seemed quite like a rational creature, who had lost a friend and sought consolation from another."

Scott's considerateness to his dogs was shown in many ways. Spice, who followed the carriage when they went driving, was suffering from a cough, and as the route lay over several deep fords swollen with water, by special order of his master Spice was let into the carriage as these came in sight.

One of his dogs was so sensitive that whenever the little fellow was punished he would "sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, refusing to come down until he heard the sound of chopping in the kitchen, which inindicated that his meal was being prepared. Even then he had not recovered his self-esteem, and would return to his self-imposed prison, if he thought by the tones of those about him he was still in disgrace."

The silken-haired Finette, a beautiful setter with long pendant ears and a mild eye, was also a great favorite. Dearest of all, dearer even than Camp, was the one who came to him in 1816. Writing from Abbotsford, he says:

I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the border since Johnny Armstrong's

time. He is between the wolf and the deer-hound, about six foot long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion: he is quite gentle and a great favorite. . . . He will eat of his plate without being to the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair.

This was the staghound Maida, so called after the action in which his master's brother had led his regiment to victory. He soon ruled the roost at Abbotsford, so far as the other dogs were concerned, but met his match in the cat, who "keeps him in the greatest possible order, and insists on all rights of precedence, and scratches with impunity the nose of an animal who would make no bones of a wolf, and pulls down a red deer without fear or difficulty. I heard my friend set up some most piteous howls, and I assure you the noise was no joke, all occasioned by his fear of passing puss, who had stationed himself on the stairs."

Washington Irving, who visited Sir Walter at Abbotsford and Newstead, gives a graphic description of a walk they took together, accompanied by all the dogs, frisking Ginger and Spice, dainty Finette, wild thoughtless Hamlet, and proud Maida bringing up the rear. "He comported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great deal of dignity in our society. The little dogs gambolling round and teasing him did not upset his

equanimity until they took too many liberties, and then to teach a lesson to the most impudent he would seize him and tumble him in the dust, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense.'" Scott was intensely interested in the different ways of his dogs. "I make no doubt," he said, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha! done with your nonsense, youngster; what will the laird and the other gentlemen say to me if I give way to such foolery?'"

The body-guard of dogs, accompanying the great men on their walk, found something that distracted their attention and annoyed them. The smaller ones protested at once; Maida, unperturbed, at first, seemed to decide that here was something really worth barking at, and emitted a loud "Bow-wow."

"Aye, aye, old boy," cried Scott, "you have done wonders, you have shaken the Eldon Hills with your roaring, you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the run." And turning to Irving, he adds, "Maida is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first."

Maida would stretch his giant length in the study of the author, who was then occupied in writing the Waverley novels. The deerhound's head would lie

on his master's knee, as he wrote of his famous breed and of other dogs that find a place in fiction: *Wasp,* the terrier in "Guy Mannering," who bit the heels of the enemy, when his master, *Dimont,* was struggling with the robbers; of *Wolf* in "The Abbott," the deerhound, who saved *Robert Graeme* from drowning; of *Sir Kenneth's Cadwal* in "Ivanhoe," who was wounded guarding the standard; and of many another.

Should Maida become weary of watching the laird, he would walk majestically to the door and tap it with his paw, and Scott would stop his work to open it for him to pass out. From the top of the library steps the cat's gleaming eyes would watch the dog's departure, and she would then walk slowly down, and take up her position near the footstool as his understudy. Here it was that Landseer painted the scene at Abbotsford; and an open book and proofs spread on the floor were an additional evidence of an open secret, that the anonymous author of the Waverley novels was none other than the poet, Walter Scott.

Maida had a great dislike to sitting for his portrait, and, when Blore had him as his subject, would not be induced, even by the offer of a cold beef bone, to be the model unless his master was present.

Maida lived to a good old age and died peacefully in his bed. He was buried at Abbotsford, the monument—his own effigy—above him bearing a

Latin inscription, of which the following is the English rendering:

> Beneath this sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

The youngest author honored by a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Marjorie Fleming, is the link between Sir Walter and another Edinburgh dog lover, Dr. John Brown, for the former had a tender friendship for the child and the latter wrote her biography. Swinburne hopes for "Pet Majorie"

> Some happier isle in the Elysian fields
> Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

But surely it should have been one of Sir Walter's dogs who first greeted the gifted child.

The doctor himself must have been a precocious infant, for at the age of four, from the platform of a cart, he addressed an audience of plowmen on the interesting subject of the color of Jacob's dog, summing up as follows: "Some say that Jacob had a black dog, and some say that Jacob had a white dog, and I say Jacob had a brown dog, and a brown dog it shall be."

His love of dogs did not change with the changing years. One day a friend, driving him through the Edinburgh streets, observed him gazing intently through the carriage window at a mongrel.

"Is that a dog you know?" he asked.

"No," was the reply, "it is one I don't."

"Rab and His friends" is an epic among dog stories, and, well known though it is, the hero cannot be omitted in any account of famous dogs.

John Brown as a lad was walking the Edinburgh streets with a friend, and with boyish delight witnessed a dog fight, after which the victor went forth to seek fresh antagonists. "There under the single arch of the South Bridge is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets. He is old, grey, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearean dewlaps shaking as he goes."

This was Rab. A bull terrier makes for him and, to the surprise of the two boys, "the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar." The reason is apparent; he is muzzled. In an instant the lads cut the leather thong and free him, and in an instant more the bull terrier, gripped by him in the small of his back, lies dead. Content with this victory, and with no remorse for having committed murder, Rab makes off, followed by Brown, who discovers his owner, a carrier, waiting at the horse's head anxiously and angrily looking round for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at our great friend, who drew cringing up and, avoiding the heavy shoe with more agil-

ity than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart.

Six years later John Brown was a medical student in Edinburgh.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday, and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up with his head a little on one side.

One day he saw Rab entering the hospital gates; "with that great and easy saunter of his, he looked like a general taking possession of the place, like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city." He was followed by the carrier leading his horse, and propped up on a sack of straw in the cart was the carrier's wife, poor Ailie, suffering from cancer.

"Ailie," said the carrier, "this is Master John, the young doctor, Rab's friend ye ken."

Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

There was little formality insisted on in hospitals in those days, and Rab followed his mistress to the consulting-room.

"May Rab and me bide?" asked the carrier, when he was told that an operation must be performed.

"You may, and Rab if he will behave himself."

"I'se warrant he's do that, doctor."

The two watched and waited while Ailie nobly endured her agony—it was in the preanesthetic days.

Rab looked up perplexed and dangerous, forever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast. . . . The surgeon did his work. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on . . . his ragged ear was up and importunate; he growled and now and then gave a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm and gave him a *glower* from time to time.

When it was over and his mistress taken to the hospital bed, Rab followed and took his place by the side. The young doctor gave him exercise, but he "was always ready to turn and come faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness and went straight to that door." A few days later his mistress lay in that sleep from which there is no awakening, and Rab, who had all the time "been full awake and motionless . . . came forward beside us; Ailie's hand which James had held was hanging down. It was soaked with tears. Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table."

He followed her to her grave and shortly after-

ward lost his master too. With this double bereavement he became savage, refusing to eat, and the new carrier, who inherited the dog and the business, put an end to him.

"I was laith to mak' awa' wi' the auld dowg; his like was na' atween this and Thornhill—but, deed, sir, I could do naething else."

Many other dogs played their part in Dr. John Brown's life. The first of these, a mongrel, Toby, was bought by his brother for twopence or so from some little ruffians who were about to drown him. A rigid old grandmother ruled over the Brown household, and she had an aversion to pets; accordingly for days after Toby's arrival he was kept in concealment by the two lads. Then he took matters into his own hands and pushed his way into the study, where the boy's father, an eminent divine, was for some reason with bare feet. Unlike the Earl of Wiltshire's dog, Toby proceeded to ingratiate himself by licking them, and this act of homage won his acceptance as a regular member of the household. Still the minister considered it inconsistent with his dignity to attend to his parish with a mongrel at his heels and refused Toby's company when he went to visit his flock. But Toby was not so easily put off, and after the cleric had started on his round he himself set off, and took a short cut to a point he knew the parson would pass, and joined him for the rest of the morning.

One Sunday he had gone with him to Church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at his back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the pulpit, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and, not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit and, behold there he was with his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of the mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself.

Unfortunately the aforementioned grandmother was unworthy to have such a dog lover for a descendant as John Brown. She never reconciled herself to Toby's inclusion in the household and bore a grudge against him. One day her enemy delivered himself into her vindictive hands by stealing a leg of mutton; a crime to the canny Scotchwoman punishable with death. The miserable urchins from whom he had been originally rescued were willing for a like bribe to hang him. He was found by his young master, dead. Dr. John Brown did not buy his dogs, neither did he breed them. They

came to him by chance, and happy the dog whom fate led to his door. One such was Wylie, a beautiful sheep-dog, whose shepherd master, deciding to retire, sought a home for her. Wylie, in her new surroundings, "was often pensive as if thinking of her master, and her work upon the hills . . . When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, and being so made her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe, and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came there was a mystery about her; every Tuesday she disappeared; we tried to watch her but in vain. She was always off by nine P. M. and was away all night; back next day wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far, she slept all next day. This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us so wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us, if she could, and was especially fond, though tired. Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her one said, 'That 's her; that 's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens.' I asked him what he meant, and he told that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the 'buchts' or sheep pens in the cattle market, and worked incessantly and to excellent purpose, in

helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said, with a sort of transport, 'She 's a perfect meeracle: flees about like a speerit and as soople as a maukiln.' "

Thus Wylie lived contentedly in Edinburgh and continued her assistance to the shepherds till the end of her life.

Wasp, another great favorite, had a litter of three, and one died. She entirely neglected her living offspring in the hope of reviving the dead puppy. After two days' failure "she was seen to take the pup in her mouth and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a racehorse—she plunged in holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it, and swum swiftly ashore." Having laid her darling in his watery grave, she returned and looked after the two survivors with great solicitude.

Among Sir Walter Scott's friends was James Hogg, the shepherd and poet, who in his former calling had a unique opportunity of studying the dogs who shared with him the guardianship of the flock. In his letter in "The Shepherd's Calendar" he recorded these observations.

First among his sheep-dogs was Sirrah, a sullen animal, but invaluable at his work, whose instinct and reasoning power were remarkable, even among this breed, which, owing to its intelligence being daily called into play, ranks very high. At wean-

ing time seven hundred lambs, under the charge of Hogg, Sirrah, and a lad, "broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills."

"Sirrah!" cried his master in consternation, "my man, they 're awa'!"

The night was black as pitch and the shepherd could hardly distinguish the collie's outline, as he bade him seek the truants. Sirrah, all alert, without more ado set off in quest of the faithless flock, while Hogg and his companion did all in their power to recover the lambs, spending the whole night scouring the hills for miles around, without finding the slightest trace of Sirrah or the silly sheep.

It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of pastoral life. We had nothing for it, day having dawned, but to return to our master and inform him we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a flock of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them; looking all around for some relief but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them, we concluded it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the

dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight to the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.

Sirrah was to distinguish himself in another exploit which Hogg considered as showing an equal sagacity. The shepherd was sent to Stanhope in Tweeddale, fifteen miles distant, to bring back a wild ewe that had strayed from home. It was a road of steep hills and pathless glens, and neither Sirrah nor his master had traveled it before.

"The ewe was brought in and put into a barn over night, and was set out to me in the morning to be driven home by herself." He was warned that the task was well-nigh impossible.

"Do you really suppose that you will drive that sheep over these hills, and out through the midst of all the sheep in the country?"

"I will try to do it."

"Then, let me tell you that you may as well try to travel to yon sun."

The ewe, "wild as a roe, bounded away to the mountain like one. I sent Sirrah on a circular route wide before her, and let him know that he had charge of her. . . . Sometimes she was a mile before me, sometimes two; but Sirrah kept her in

command the whole way—never suffered her to mix with other sheep, nor, as far as I could judge, ever to deviate twenty yards from the track which he and I went the day before. When we came over the great height towards the Manor Water, Sirrah and his charge happened to cross it a little before me."

For some time Hogg lost all traces of dog and ewe, inquiries from shepherds guarding their flocks upon the hills were fruitless, and he began to think he had failed. At this humilating moment, "at the corner of the hill, at the side of the water, I discovered my trusty coal-black friend, sitting with his eye fixed intently on the burn below him, and sometimes giving a casual glance to see if I was coming." The ewe was standing there safe and unhurt. Sirrah, on his return, was deeply offended to discover that the lamb, which he considered his own property, since he had guarded it so carefully, was to rejoin its comrades. "I believe he wanted to take her home and kill her." He showed displeasure by never coming near his master all the way to the house or tasting any supper.

Sirrah's ear for music was not such as to commend itself to musical folk, for he joined in a chorus with a vigor all his own. "Many a good song, psalm and tune was he the cause of spoiling: for when he fairly set to, at which he was not slack, the voices of all his coadjutors had no chance with his."

On account of this propensity, the farmer, who read morning and evening prayer in the kitchen, banished Sirrah from the house at the time. If this formality was forgotten "the moment the psalm was raised he joined with all his zeal, and at such a rate that he drowned the voices of the family before the lines could be sung."

If the over-tired shepherd went to bed before prayers Sirrah would accompany him and lie in his corner of the loft till he heard the distant sounds of singing, when he would rise and lie with his ear at the door, growling his low note of praise to his Creator, in accompaniment with the human voices.

It is almost impossible to understand how Hogg could ever have parted with this wonderful and delightful dog. His plea of poverty, sad though it is, does not exonerate him from the charge of base ingratitude. For it was not in the heyday of his youth and intelligence that the shepherd sought for him another home but when he was old and "unable to do work by himself: I had a son of his coming on that promised well, and was a greater favourite with me than ever the other was. . . . I sold old Sirrah to a neighboring shepherd for three guineas."

He went off quite contentedly, for he was accustomed to be ordered by his master to undertake duties for others connected with the farm, and the first two days put in excellent work for his new employer. But when he found that that employer

was also his owner, and that his former master had deserted him, and doomed him "to be the slave of a stranger for whom he did not care, he would never again do another feasible turn. The lad said that he ran in among the sheep like a whelp and seemed intent on doing him all the mischief he could." His new owner, more merciful than his old master, took him to his father and begged him, for the sake of what he had been, to give him a home, and the old man gladly promised, and faithfully fulfilled the trust.

Sirrah never forgot his first master but would not risk the humiliation of coming to the farm which had once been his home. He could meet him by the wayside: "knowing well the road that I took to the hill in the morning he lay down near to that. . . . The resolution that he took and persisted in of never doing a good turn for any other of my race, after the ingratitude that he had experienced from me, appeared to me to have a kind of heroism and sublimity in it. . . . When I saw how matters stood I never took a farthing of the stipulated price of old Sirrah."

The son who was coming on was Hector, small of size, rough and shaggy, the color of a fox, with his father's brains, but less surly, very intelligent, and with three times more humor and whim.

The first-named quality was shown the day when Hogg and Hector went to a farm at Shorthope on

the Ettrick Head to fetch some lambs, which they were to take to market the following day. The sheep became unruly as darkness fell, and shepherd and sheep-dog worked hard to get them duly folded by candle-light. With a sigh of relief the master returned home to the warm kitchen and the hot supper awaiting him. As he sat down for the meal he looked round for his companion, whose platter was ready on the floor. "Hector! Hector!" he called, with increasing anxiety, since the lambs had to be taken to market the following day, and "I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog if it had been to save the whole drove."

He did not return that night, and the following morning Hogg disconsolately made his way to the fold, where he found, sitting in the gateway, Hector, bolt upright, his eyes glued on the naughty lambs, having endured a cold and hungry night rather than leave them unguarded.

He occupied his leisure in "pointing" the cat, and wherever she moved in the kitchen he would follow her: though he apparently disliked her, he was so gentle mannered that he allowed her to lick out of his plate.

Since his vocal efforts were not so disturbing as his father's, he was allowed to be present at family prayers. He had one extraordinary habit, for which his master, who always sought a reason for the dog's doings, could not fathom the cause.

Just before the conclusion of prayers he would leap up and run round the room barking. At last Hogg discovered a fantastic explanation of this curious practice.

As I said, his chief daily occupation was pointing the cat. Now when he saw us all kneel down in a circle, with our faces couched on our paws, in the same posture with himself, it struck his absurd head that we were all engaged in pointing the cat. He lay on tenters all the time, but the acuteness of his ears enabling him to ascertain the very moment when we would spring to our feet, he thought to himself, "I shall be first after her, after all."

Hector enjoyed music and was greatly disappointed that his master did not allow him to accompany him to the Ettrick church on Sundays. Though he was shut up he frequently contrived to free himself, and scampered off to the place of worship, which he entered without formality, creating a great commotion, for the moment he heard his master's voice strike up in a psalm "he fell in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads and laid them down on the backs of the seats, wrapped in their plaids, and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red."

These were not the only times when Hector in-

sisted on being his master's companion even though he was not wanted. One day Hogg announced to his mother in Hector's hearing, "I am going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarreling with the rest of the dogs." The following morning the sheep-dog was not to be found, and the shepherd set out on his long and difficult journey. When he reached his destination, sitting on a knoll was Hector awaiting him, having had to swim a flooded river to arrive at his chosen place of rendezvous.

Chieftain, another sheep-dog of Hogg's acquaintance, had an almost uncanny instinct of knowing one lamb from another. His owner had lost one of his ewes and it was supposed to have mingled with the flock at a neighboring farm.

"Chieftain," called the farmer, pointing to the spot from which the ewe had fled, "fetch that, I say, sir; bring that back."

Within half an hour he was back with his master's ewe, selected from a neighboring herd, in his company.

This instinct of knowing one sheep from another was not always put to honest uses, and sheep stealers found dogs useful accessories to the crime. One such would take his dog with him when he went to survey a herd he meant to raid, and, pick-

ing out the most promising of the flock, indicated it to his companion with notification that he desired its possession without the formality of purchase. He then rested from his labors at a convenient distance, and as the shadows of evening fell the dog set out on his task and returned escorting the chosen one. It is almost a pity that a man with such an ingenious way of earning his living should have met his fate on the gallows, but whether his accomplice suffered a like penalty is not recorded.

Wordsworth paid one of his most beautiful tributes to a human friend in the poem he wrote on the Ettrick shepherd after his death. Scarcely less touching are the lines in memory of a favorite dog, Music, who belonged to his brother-in-law.

He had loved the little creature ever since the day when he went for a walk with her with three other dog companions, Dart, Prince, and Swallow, and they took to chasing a hare. On its flight, reaching a thinly frozen river, it leaped safely across, followed by the greyhound Dart in eager chase, but the ice broke under him, and he was seen vainly striving to reach the bank. Music, who up to now had been as eager as any of them, immediately abandoned all thought of the hare and concentrated her thoughts and efforts in pathetic and fruitless attempts to save her drowning companion.

She lived to extreme old age, with all its attended disabilities of failing sight and hearing and general weakness so that when her time came her human friends were almost glad to see her go, but did not restrain their tears as she was laid in earth, with the trees standing sentinel around her little grave. Many household thoughts had been shared by her.

> For love, that comes whenever life and sense
> Are given by God, in thee was most intense.

3

Sir Walter Scott had no greater admirer among his literary contemporaries than Thomas Hood, who, however, was lacking in the great novelist's authority over the canine race. We feel sure Sir Walter's glance would have subdued Dash, the delightful spaniel whom Hood humorously described in "Hit or Miss" as " truant curly, but for a spaniel wondrous surly." Dash meeting the squire's dog Don out for a walk, they rub noses together and compare experiences, the former boasting that when he and his master are out shooting together "we hit as often as we fire," and the latter sadly ejaculating,

> "More luck to you!" cried little Wooly,
> Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
> "More luck for you and Squire to boot!
> We miss as often as we shoot,"

and, emphasizing his humiliating estimate of his master's markmanship, declares that he could not even hit a pack of hounds.

Dash was a handful in London, and when Hood and his family moved to the Adelphi he thought his favorite might find more scope for his energies further out of town. Accordingly he asked Charles Lamb, then living in Islington, to take care of him.

Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," was no match for Dash, who soon had him under his paw. He summed up his host's sweet nature with extraordinary intuition. All Lamb's walks had to conform themselves to Dash's desires in the matter of pedestrian exercise, and all his little habits of life had to be altered to suit his canine guest. Lamb had hitherto enjoyed long solitary rambles. This was immediately put a stop to, for Dash declined to allow his temporary master to leave the house without him, "and when out would never go anywhere but precisely where it pleased himself. The consequence was that Lamb made himself a perfect slave to the dog—who was always half a mile off from his companion, either before or behind, scouring the fields and roads in all directions, up and down all manner of streets, and keeping his attendant in a perfect fever of anxiety and irritation, from his fear of losing him on the one hand, and his reluctance to put the needful restraint on him on the other. Dash perfectly well knew his host's ami-

able weakness in this respect, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's Park in particular Dash had his quasi master completely at his mercy, for the moment they got through the ring he used to squeeze himself through the railing, and disappear for half an hour together in the then enclosed and thickly planted greensward, knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared, till he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take their walk there oftener than any other, precisely because *Dash* liked it and Lamb did not."

Lamb was then prospecting for a cottage in the country, and one day when in Hood's company, with Dash in attendance of course, they were taking a walk in Enfield Chase. The literary men were absorbed in conversation and the dog in his own pursuits. Their confidences were interrupted by the hot and indignant owner of a villa stopping them.

"Your dog has been chasing my sheep," he exclaimed angrily.

"Chase a sheep," the essayist mildly replied. "He would not chase a Lamb!"

Lamb found a cottage at Enfield which he thought suitable and together with his sister and Dash went to inspect it. A lad of thirteen, Thomas Westwood, "leaning out of the window of his parent's house, "saw a group of three issuing from the gamboge looking cottage close at hand; a slim

middle-aged man; a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob cap, and a young girl." Before them bounded a young dog, holding a board with "This House to be Let" on it in his jaws. Lamb was on his way to the house agents, and Dash thus signalized the fact that he approved the choice of a residence.

He was not, however, to take up his abode there, for he was too great a responsibility for his host. Coventry Patmore tells us in "My Friends and Acquaintances" that when he was living at Fulham one day Charles and Mary Lamb and Dash turned up unexpectedly for dinner. He was astonished to find that the trio had walked all the way from Islington, with Dash not at their heels, as he should have been, but gamboling in front of them in an unusually joyous mood right through the City. His host and hostess were fatigued by the long journey, but he himself was in the best of spirits. Mr. Patmore at first thought that they had made the pilgrimage in order to give Dash a joy-walk, but such was not the case, for Mary Lamb plaintively informed him:

"If Charles keeps him any longer it will be the death of him. Will you take care of him out of charity?"

If he was really too boisterous he was to be returned to Hood. Patmore willingly accepted the charge, and found, not all to his surprise, that "his

wild and wilful ways were a pure imposition upon the easy temper of Lamb, and that as soon as he found himself in the hands of one who knew what dog-decorum was, he subsided into the best bred and best behaved of his species."

Lamb, however, who had previously had two dogs of his own of whom only the names survive, Prynne and Pompey, did not lose his interest in "one of the few objects of his hero worship," Dash. In a delightful letter to Patmore, he writes:

Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore?* Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you will believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased —for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see

if it was hydrophobia. . . . Did you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. P., and the children. They 'd have more sense than he. He 'd be like a fool kept in a family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. . . . If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him, muzzle him and lead him on a string—common packthread will do—he does n't care for twist—to Mr. Hood, his quondam master, and he 'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything ten to one he would not hear you. Besides you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

Patmore's reply was in the same vein:

Dash is very mad indeed. As I know you would be shocked to hear it I did not volunteer to trouble your peaceful retreat by the sad information, thinking it could do no good, either to you, to Dash, to us, or to the innocent creature that he has already bitten, or to those he may (please God) bite hereafter. But when you ask it as a friend, I cannot withhold the truth from you. The poor little patient has resolutely refused to touch

water either cold or hot, ever since, and if we attempt to force it down her throat she scratches, grins, fights, makes faces, and utters strange noises, showing every recognized symptom of being very mad indeed. . . . As for your panacea (of shooting the bitten one) we utterly set our faces against it, not thinking death 's a release under any given circumstances. . . . By the bye, it has just occurred to me that the fact of the poor little sufferer making a noise more like a cat's than a dog's, may possibly indicate that she is not quite so mad as we at first feared. Still there is no saying, but the symptom may be one of aggravation. Indeed I should n't wonder if the faculty preferred *the bark,* as that (under the queer name of quinine) has been getting very fashionable among them of late.

I wish you could have seen the poor little patient before we got rid of her—how she scoured round the kitchen among the pots and pans, scampered about the garden, and clambered up to the tops of the highest trees (no symptoms of *high*-drophobia, you will say in that.

By the bye again, I have entirely forgotten to tell you, that the injured innocent, is not one of *our* children, but the cat's; and this reminds me to tell you that, putting cats out of the question (to which, like some of his so-called betters, Dash has evidently a natural antipathy) he comports himself in all respects as a sane and well bred dog should do. In fact his distemper, I am happy to tell you, is clearly not insanity, in regard (want of regard, you will say) to one particular species of his fellow creatures—*videlicet* cats.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
Wallace Collection

Talking of being stopped on the king's highway reminds me of Dash's latest exploit. He was out at near dusk, down the lane, a few nights ago, with his mistress (who is as fond of him as his master), when Dash attacked a carpenter, armed with a large saw—not Dash, but the carpenter, and a "wise saw" it turned out to be for its teeth protected him from Dash's, and a battle ensued, worthy of the Surrey Theatre. Mrs. Patmore says it was really frightful to see the way in which it and Dash gnashed their teeth at each other.

Charles Lamb, despite the tragedy that shadowed his life, never lost his sense of humor. Emily Brontë, perhaps by reason of the sadness of her short span, may be said never to have found hers: her genius was somber and her nature stoical.

Thus it is fitting that her great dog Keeper—a cross between a bulldog and a mastiff—should have none of that gaiety that distinguished Dash's ebullient career, just as it was fitting that the gentle Brontë should find happiness in the companionship of a dear little spaniel, Flossie.

Keeper was Emily's only companion on those long solitary rambles on the moors, and in the parsonage parlor of an evening she would sit with one arm round his tawny neck studying a book. In a playful mood—such a mood was very rare in her life—she taught him to spring and roar like a lion, and woe betide a timid visitor who wanted to remain in

her good graces if she shrank from his salutations and demonstrations of welcome.

Big and grim he was, and of so fierce a nature that Emily was warned when he was given to her that "though he was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; he who struck him with a whip or stick roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal upstairs, and stretch his square tawny limbs on comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable that Emily in reply to Tabby's (maid's) remonstrances declared that, if she was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning, and his well known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening Tabby came, half triumphantly, half trembling, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set forth, but dared not speak or interfere, when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were compressed into stone. She went upstairs and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the

gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Downstairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance held by the 'scuft of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished him' till his eyes were swelled up and the half blind stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge but loved her dearly ever after."

The spot under the dark staircase in Howorth Vicarage is still pointed out where this horrible scene took place. A dog of such magnanimity could, one imagines, have been cured of a trifling fault in a less brutal manner.

Emily Brontë had "one fight more, the best and the last," when illness overtook her and Death claimed her. Keeper walked by the side of the broken-hearted father and sisters as they followed the bier into the gray little church, remaining there

quietly while the burial service was read, and following the coffin to the grave. When all was over he returned to the parsonage and lay down at Emily's bedroom door, howling for days together and choosing that resting-place to the end of his life.

Three months later Flossie was to lose her mistress, who died away from home.

When Charlotte, now the solitary survivor of the family, returned to the lonely parsonage, she wrote to a friend:

Papa is there, and the two most affectionate and faithful servants, and the two old dogs in their way as faithful and affectionate. Emily's large house-dog, which lay at the side of her dying bed . . . and Anne's little spaniel. The ectasy of these poor animals when I came in was something singular. At former returns from brief absences they have always welcome me warmly—but not in that strange heart-touching way. I am certain they thought that, as I was returned, my sisters were not far behind. But here my sisters will come no more. Keeper may visit Emily's little bedroom as he still does day by day, and Flossy may still look wistfully round for Anne, they will never see them again. . . . I am rebellious . . . some caress from the poor dogs . . . restores me to softer sentiments.

Charlotte was to occupy herself in writing "Shirley," in which the heroine stands for her sister, and Keeper appears under the name of *Tartar*. He was

never the same dog after Emily's death. Illness and age grew upon him, and two years later Charlotte wrote:

Keeper died last Monday; after being ill all night he went gently to sleep. We laid his old faithful head in the garden. Flossy is dull and misses him.

Flossie lived another three years, like her late mistress giving no one any trouble, and dying quietly and peacefully with only a day's illness. "Perhaps no dog had a happier life or an easier death," Charlotte commented, but surely such was not the case, for she survived Anne. "The loss even of a dog is very saddening."

The philosophical trend of the Brontës' great contemporary, George Eliot, went into her interest in canine nature. Robert Buchanan tells us of paying a visit to her house, and while he was conversing with her and George Henry Lewes the dog came in "with a languid wag of the tail, and a general air of importance," glanced patronizingly at the newcomer, and then lay on the hearth-rug at his mistress's feet. His entrance started her on a soliloquy on the "beasts that perish":

Here is somebody who, if he could speak, would express a strong opinion upon that subject; for he is wise in his generation and magnanimous almost beyond human conception. Do you know what he did once before he was given to us? The friends to

whom he belonged had a little boy who inherited in a full measure the predilections of the archetypal ape.

She went on to say that this friend had some acquaintances for luncheon, and as they were sitting round the table they heard a cry of pain. Looking underneath, they saw the child of the house sitting on the carpet slitting the dog's ears with a large pair of scissors. The dog crept out followed by the fiendish boy, whose father seized him and threatened him with severe punishment. He was about to take him off to make the threat good when the dog came up, wagging his tail.

The noble fellow rose up, putting his paws on the child's shoulders, and affectionately licked his face; then looking at his master, said plainly in the canine deaf and dumb alphabet: "Don't beat him! Please don't. He's only an undeveloped human being; he knows no better, and I love him." Could human kindness and magnanimity go further? Yet I don't suppose you will contend that the poor dog's loving instinct was enough to distinguish him from the beasts that perish.

"I do not see why a dog should not have a soul like a Christian," replied Buchanan.

And G. H. Lewes echoed this feeling, declaring he had known many Christians without the amiability and discrimination of the dog.

"We are on the horns of a dilemma," replied

George Eliot, "for every one with a large acquaintance among decent and gentlemanlike dogs must admit their share in the highest humanities. Shall we, who are even as they, though we wag our tongues instead of our tails, demand a special providence and a special salvation."

One is reminded of Southey's regard for a dog friend of his boyhood, Phyllis. When bullied at school he would "beguile the melancholy hours" with the thought of distant home and of the joyous welcome she would give him on her return. After he had left for good, Phyllis in the course of years became old and infirm and was drowned by her owners. Southey, in a fine poem in her honor, tells her how earnestly he would have pleaded for her life, concluding:

There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity may envy thee.

4

"No one could tell the country's purer charm so well" as Mary Mitford, wrote Walter Savage Landor of the author of "Our Village" and the mistress of Mayflower, the beautiful white greyhound who figures so largely in its pages. The dog's "instinct and imitation," she wrote, "are so

startling that they almost amount to reason. She mimics all she sees us do, with the dexterity of a monkey, and far more of gaiety and apparent purpose; cracks nuts and eats them from the stalk with the most delicate nicety; filches and munches apples and pears; is as dangerous in an orchard as a schoolboy; smells to flowers; smiles at meeting; answers in a pretty lively voice when spoken to (sad pity that the language should be unknown) and has greatly the advantage of us in conversation inasmuch as our meaning is certainly clear to her."

Mayflower accompanies her on her spring, summer, and autumn walks, with her bounding footsteps full of glee.

One brilliant winter day the village children were sliding on a glassy pond. May—Miss Mitford shortened the appellation for daily use—could hardly resist the temptation of joining them, for they were mostly her acquaintances, especially the urchin at the head of the slide. "This hobgoblin is her great crony; and she stands on the brink of the steep irregular descent, her black eyes fixed upon him, as if she intended him the favor of jumping on his head." He saw her coming, understood her intentions, and leaped off the slide upon the rough ice, steadying himself on the shoulder of the next in the file, knocking him over, and causing the whole line to tumble over one another, while the hobgoblin and Mayflower, who brought about the disaster,

alone stand upright, playing with one another and enjoying the joke.

At the end of the sporting season three hounds come to live at the collar-maker's in the village, and Mayflower went to call on the new-comers and knocked at the door. They all came out at once and invited her to enter their domain, which she declined to do, but issued a cordial invitation to two of them, Saladin and Brindle, to pay their respects to her, ignoring for some reason the third dog, who was also snubbed by his companions.

In the Victorian age an invitation from a lady was a command, and Saladin and Brindle duly presented themselves; the former devoted himself to Mayflower and insisted on being her chevalier.

Miss Mitford did not always desire his company, but, as Mayflower did, it was impossible to get rid of him. A walk in the country without her dog would have been to the author "like an adventure of Don Quixote without the faithful squire Sancho." All three set forth together; May, like many another dog, taking the note from her owner, was staid and early-Victorian.

Saladin's squire owner must have been born in the reign of the fourth George, for he was boisterous and his lack of decorum was really alarming. His human attendant was greatly worried by his interest in the hedge.

"O Saladin, come away," she gently urged. "Don't you see what puzzles you and makes you leap in the air is a redbreast's nest? Don't you see the pretty speckled eggs?"

This plaintive appeal, though it was successful in so far as he left the sitting bird alone, did not so much move Saladin as the chance of further adventure more suitable to a sports dog, for he and Brindle had discovered the charm of chasing a flock of sheep and singling out a lamb as their prey. They drove the poor creature into a ditch and mounted guard over it, while Miss Mitford came as near swearing as was possible to so well-bred a spinster. "Ah, wretches, I have you now. For shame, Saladin; get away, Brindle! See how good May is!"

This appeal to the better example of another was as fruitless as it usually is with human kind, and the lady grows less and less Victorian in her language.

"Off with you, brutes! For shame!" brandishing her handkerchief in her wrath.

May, who had hitherto preserved her reputation for sedateness, goes after them, her mistress fondly imagining that she has gone to scold the miscreants. If so the effect was small, for the author resorts to the nearest approach to vituperation she could formulate.

"O wickedest of soldans! Most iniquitous pagan! Soul of a Turk!"

Such terrible epithets bring the shamefaced villains to their senses, and Saladin comes and puts his nose into her hands in token of penitence, and is readily forgiven, as the lamb is discovered to be more frightened than hurt.

Retribution follows another escapade, for he is no longer allowed to accompany the well-behaved May on her walks abroad. Bereft of his companionship she distracts herself by picking up a rough round brown substance in her mouth, which she touches very carefully.

"What can it be?" asks Miss Mitford. "A bird's nest—naughty May! No, as I live, a hedgehog. Off with it, May; don't bring it to me."

May, intensely surprised and pleased with this novel form of ball, drops it at last, patting it cautiously. The hedgehog shammed dead in order to escape further attentions, and May, pushing him with her nose, sent him rolling down the path. Her surprise was greater than ever, for the hedgehog was totally indifferent and rolled along like a ball. Finally May, thinking no doubt that there were more things in heaven and earth than she had dreamed of in her philosophy, abandoned him in the hope of securing a wood pigeon.

One day her instinct for sport nearly got her

into trouble, for she discovered the intense amusement to be got out of chasing a sow in the farmyard. The guardian of the place, a great Newfoundland dog, hearing one of the creatures it was his duty to protect grunting in a most disturbed manner, emerged from his kennel with a mighty growl. "May's attention was instantly diverted from the sow to the new playmate, friend or foe, she cared not which; and he of the kennel, seeing his charge unhurt, and out of danger, was at leisure to observe the charms of his fair enemy, as she frolicked round him, always beyond the reach of his chain, yet always with the natural instinctive coquetry of her sex, alluring him to the pursuit which she knew to be vain. I never saw a prettier flirtation," comments his observant mistress, who does not scruple further to praise May's amazing chivalry in remaining with her during a shower, since greyhounds dislike rain intensely. True, she frisked on a bit in front to encourage the more languid steps of her owner, but still with a less noble nature she would have raced home and left Miss Mitford in the downpour.

Saladin left May's suite, and she made friends with another dog, an ugly stray, who had for some time cadged his living in "our village," from paupers and publicans, sleeping in odd corners and living from paw to mouth. The high-bred aristocratic greyhound met him and took pity on him, and invited him to her home. The poor lurcher

gratefully accepted and duly moved to his hostess's comfortable quarters. May's owners were not so hospitable, and mistress and maids tried to persuade the hapless vagrant to seek other accommodation. They had reckoned without May; "the activity of her protection, and the pertinacity of her self-will, made him sharer of her bed and of her mess."

Thus May's foundling, a mongrel spaniel, Dash, became a recognized member of the household. As a set-off against his ugliness, his lameness, which gave him a peculiarly lurching gait, he cultivated, even as plain little Victorian girls were encouraged to cultivate, qualities of the mind and heart to atone for this misfortune. "Dash became the most faithful and attached animal I have ever known," writes Miss Mitford. He "danced on his lame leg, and wagged his tail with such persistency that he did anyone who had a taste for happiness good to look at him."

The author's friends, who wondered at this strange member of the family, were informed that he was May's pet and loved by May's mistress, in return for the love he lavished on her. Miss Mitford's sport-loving father was Dash's next conquest, for he discovered that he had splendid sporting qualities and would hunt a field or beat a cover with any spaniel in England. The mongrel's fourth conquest was the houseboy, an imaginative and gallant lad, who "fought a battle with a boy bigger than

himself in defence of Dash's beauty," and won hand over fist, becoming by his victory more devoted to the stray than ever.

Dash did not live long to take his walks with May and enjoy the kindness of the household. His early privations had been too much for him, and, having gone "proudly friended," he had his day and went his way.

Miss Mitford gave her distinguished fellow-author, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a little spaniel with bright hazel eyes, soft curly brown hair, and "silver suited breast." Flush, or Flushie as his mistress called him, is one of the best known of literary dogs and the subject of the poem that bears his name.

He shared the shaded room in Wimpole Street where she spent her invalid life, reading and writing. "He is my constant companion, my friend, my amusement, lying with his head on one page of my folios while I read the other . . . I daresay if the truth were known Flush understands Greek excellently well." He would not leave her room of his own will except to follow her bath-chair, and as he leaped and danced by its side, forswearing merrier company to be near her, she felt a pang that "the bright summer days on which I am ever likely to take him for a ramble over hill and meadow are never likely to shine."

Among the callers at Wimpole Street was Robert Browning, who was to change "the face of all the

world" for her, and who, from the first day of his friendship, was required to appreciate the fascinations of Flush.

Flushie, shown a harp, was intensely interested and examined it minutely, so mysterious was its shape, and when music was drawn from it he became much agitated, thinking it was a living thing; and only when the harpist ceased to play, did he confess that the instrument was inanimate matter, yet holding some strange secrets in the magic strings.

It is somewhat uncommon for a dog to recognize his own or another's likeness in a looking-glass, and Flush succeeded in identifying his mistress but failed to unravel the mystery as to who the little brown spaniel curled in her arms might be, and was extremely jealous of him. He would tremble and bark with agitation, and it was some time before he would become accustomed to his rival through the looking-glass. Even when the sight became familiar, he would curl closer and closer to his mistress, kissing her to assure her that he alone was her little friend. It was most exasperating that the changeling in the mirror imitated him in every way, but after a time Flush grew resigned.

Dog thieves were the danger of his life, for it is part of their trade not only to know the worth of a dog but the value its owner sets upon it. They marked Flush for their own. Walking out one day with Arabella, the maid, she took her eye off him

for an instant, and he disappeared. It was hard to have to report such a loss to Miss Barrett, who spent her time in tears, neither eating nor sleeping, grieving not only for her own loss but because Flush would be breaking his heart "cast upon a cruel world. Formerly when he has been prevented from sleeping on my bed he has passed the night in moaning piteously, and often he has refused to eat from a strange hand. And then he loves me heart to heart."

Fortunately what money could do was done to recover the treasure. "I would give a thousand pounds," his mistress declared, but the ransom required was not so princely, and the thieves in St. Giles's were appeased with a few guineas. They were refreshingly candid as to their intentions: "We 've bin about stealing him these two years; you 'd better take care of him in future." Flush's meeting with his mistress after this separation was, she tells us, epic in its quality. "He dashed up the stairs into my room and into my arms, where I hugged and kissed him."

He was kidnapped a second time by the same gang, who required a more substantial reward, and informed the maid that there would be a further increase to ten guineas next time they took charge of him.

The poor little fellow had been grievously frightened by this second separation, and when he

ST. EUSTACE. BY DURER

was restored once more to his mistress's arms he lay on her knee crying pitifully. "I shall be ruined if you go on getting lost," his mistress told him, "and have no money to buy you cakes."

It seems incredible, considering the care that was taken of him, that he was stolen a third time, and on this occasion Miss Barrett, though she rarely left her room, made a secret expedition with her maid to Whitechapel to recover him.

Robert Browning was indignant when he heard of these frequent thefts and the heavy bribes that had been paid for Flush's return.

"You ought not to give in to such extortions," said he, "but put the matter in the hands of the police."

His advice was wisdom itself in theory; still, she replied, "I cannot endure to run cruel hazards about my poor Flush, for even a few guineas—or even for the sake of abstract principles of justice—I cannot."

Not long after, if the thieves were on watch outside the house in Wimpole Street, they might have seen Flush, in his mistress's arms, accompanied by a maid, going quietly out never to return, for Elizabeth Barrett had secretly married Robert Browning the day before, and was about to join her husband.

The honeymoon was spent abroad, as indeed was the rest of Mrs. Browning's and Flush's life. Many letters were written to Miss Mitford, few, if any, without a reference to Flush. "I assure you," Mrs. Browning wrote on her wedding tour, "nearly as

much attention has been paid to Flush as to me." The only people oblivious to his charms were the hard-hearted railway officials, "barbarous and immovable in their evil designs," who insisted on his traveling shut up in a box.

He soon had Robert Browning under his paw, and the poet declared that Flush considered he was only created for the express purpose of doing him service, and that service was at times a menial one. Now Flush liked Florence, but so did the fleas, who fastened on his fluffy coat and caused him such intense suffering that in his agony of irritation he tore off his silken curls and spoiled his beauty. "Fancy Robert and me," his mistress wrote, "on our knees combing him with a basket of water by our side," into which were deposited the unwelcome visitors. In spite of such drawbacks, which were overcome, Italy agreed with him and he became more entrancing and more beautiful than ever, wagging his tail at the sentinels, patronizing the grand duke, and being charmingly condescending to the pretty little Italian dogs with turned up tails, with whom he was able to converse in their own language.

He always accompanied the poets on their expeditions and was very good in a carriage, enjoying the journey but oblivious to the beauty of the country. Traveling through the leafy forest of Vallombrosa he was frightened out of his wits at the dark shadows

of the trees. On another occasion, on the way to Ravenna, he showed "supreme contempt for trees and hills or anything of that kind, and, in the intervals of natural scenery, he drew in his head from the window and did n't consider it worth while looking out. But when the population thickened and when a village or a town was passed through, his eyes were starting out of his head with eagerness; he looked east, he looked west; you would conclude that he was taking notes."

Another delightful picture of the little spaniel, sharing so intimately the life of the happy pair, is on the occasion of the Florentine anniversary.

> Robert and I and Flush saw the whole sight out of the window. . . . Flush had his two front paws over the window-sill, with his long ears hanging down, but he confessed at last that he thought they were rather long without it, particularly as it had nothing to do with dinner and chicken bones and subjects of consequence.

So Flush lived to a good old age and was buried in the vaults of Casa Guida in Florence.

In contrast with the harmony in the lives of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was the discord in the marriage of their contemporaries, Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle. Mrs. Carlyle's domestic unhappiness found expression in her letters, which reveal her rare literary gift. Her little dog Nero plays as great a part in them as

Flush does in Mrs. Browning's correspondence. He was the greatest joy to her in her sad and solitary life. His arrival is announced in a letter to John Forster:

O Lord! I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with amiability! To be sure when he comes down gloomy in the morning or comes in worried from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on his hind legs as I ought to do and can't; and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwanted capers to his honour and glory.

Nero's mistress found him "perfectly beautiful and queer looking, who does not bark at all, nor whine more than if he were deaf and dumb! He sleeps at the foot of my bed, without ever stirring or audibly breathing all night long, and never dreams of getting up till I get up myself. He follows me like a shadow."

Nero had excellent qualities. He behaved in a seemly way at meals, standing on his hind legs and preserving a dignified silence. This was fortunate, for the slightest noise annoyed Mr. C.; by this initial Mrs. Carlyle always refers to her husband. Should his natural irritability get the better of him he would undoubtedly have kicked the household pet. As it was, Nero endeared himself to the philosopher, jumped on his knee and sat there without

reproof, and took his nightly stroll with him along the embankment, so that his master found him "so loyal, so loving, so naïve and true with what of dim intellect he had." He went to stay at Aberdour with them and bathed with them. At first he objected to the water and deserted his mistress, but soon decided that if she chose to go out swimming he must go too, for he could not bear to have her out of his sight.

Mrs. Carlyle went in as great fear of dog thieves as did Mrs. Browning, for she had been warned that he was too valuable not to be a temptation to the fraternity.

"Yesterday, O Heavens! I made my first experience of the strange, suddenly struck-solitary, altogether ruined feeling of having lost one's dog, and also of the phrensied feeling of recognising him, in the arms of a dog stealer." Luckily she was able to hire two shop lads to give immediate chase, and they quickly caught the ruffian.

"I came up and put my thumb firmly under his collar—not the man's but the dog's. He said he had *found* the dog who was losing himself, and was bringing him after me!!"

"Give me something for my trouble, lady," urged the unblushing rogue, and Mrs. Carlyle, cowardly as she confessed, paid him twopence to be rid of him.

The next time Nero was absent for a whole day.

"What will you give to the dog-stealers for bringing him back to you?" asked Carlyle.

"My whole half year's allowance," was the reply in a flood of tears.

This was unnecessary, for Nero escaped from his captors and returned of his own accord.

His admirers were many, and he was not too modest to mention them in a letter to his master.

An old gentleman took great notice of me (in an omnibus). He looked at me for a long time, and then turned to my mistress and said, "Sharp, is n't he?" And my mistress was so good as to say, "Oh, yes!" And then the old gentleman said again, "I knew it, easy to see that." And he put his hand in his hind pocket, and took out a whole biscuit, a sweet one, and gave it to me in bits. I was quite sorry to part from him, he was such a good judge of dogs. . . .

On another occasion he wrote to his master to tell him the news:

I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you). She says, that you may know Columbine (the cat) and I are quite well and play about as usual. There was no dinner yesterday to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all I did n't see it. I made a grab at one or two "small beings" on my mistress's plate: she called them "heralds of the morn";

but my mistress said, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and boxed my ears. I was n't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came but a man for "burial rate," and my mistress gave him a rowing because she was n't going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried.

Nero only accompanied his mistress on visits when he was specially invited, for Mrs. Carlyle had not Horace Walpole's aplomb with regard to invitations. "Oh, dear, no! Nero must keep his dignity like his mistress, he must not go where he is *de trop.*"

She, however, wrote to him when she was away, signing herself "Agrippina," a title Lady Ashburton had bestowed on her, since she was the mother of Nero:

My poor orphan! My dear little dog! How are you? How do they use you? Above all where do you sleep? Do they put you to bed by yourself in my empty room, or do you cuddle up with your surviving parent? Strange that with all my anxiety about you, it should never have struck me with whom you were to sleep; never once, until I was retiring to bed myself without you trotting at my heels! Still, darling, I am glad I did not take you with me. If there had been nothing else in it, the parrot alone was sufficient hindrance; she pops "all about"; and for certain you would have pulled her head off; and then it would have been all over with you and me. They would have hated us "intensely."

When "Agrippina" returned she went down into the kitchen to say a kindly word to Columbine. Nero was furious and went for the cat, and even showed an inclination to snap at his mistress in his jealousy—so much so that she felt obliged to box his ears. He was greatly offended, rushed up the kitchen stairs, and finding the front door open bolted out of the house. She did not know of his disappearance till a woman appeared some time afterward with him in her arms. "I was afraid he might be lost," she remarked, "he was running away so fast." After she had been thanked and rewarded Nero reëntered his domain, but it was several hours before he would forgive his Agrippina.

When he was ten years old he had a serious accident. A butcher's cart ran over his throat, and he was badly hurt. He was brought home, and Mrs. Carlyle suffered greatly, seeing her darling in the maid's arms "all crumpled together like a crushed spider." The injury brought on bad attacks of asthma, from which he never really recovered, and for the short span that remained to him he shared the invalid life of his mistress, wearing a little red coat of her making and remaining indoors. Daily, however, he grew weaker, and she would return after a short walk sick at heart for fear of what might have happened in her absence, her breath catching with apprehension when his little welcom-

ing bark was not heard, though he still managed to climb the kitchen stairs to greet her and give her a feeble wag of the tail. Carlyle tactlessly suggested "a little Prussic acid," though he was kindly intentioned toward his wife's devoted companion. "Poor little fellow," he was overheard to say one day, when Nero was coughing, "I declare I am heartily sorry for you. If I could make you young again, upon my soul I would."

Nero's hour had struck. His little body lay sleeping the long sleep in the Cheyne Row garden. The intensity of his mistress's grief is beyond measure touching: "Nobody but myself can have any idea what the little creature has been in my life. My inseparable companion during eleven years; ever doing his little best to keep me from feeling sad and lonely." "The grief his death has caused me has been wonderful even to myself. His patience and gentleness and loving struggle to do all his bits of duties under his painful illness had so endeared him to everybody that I was happily spared all reproaches for wasting so much feeling on a dog. Mr. C. could n't have reproached me, for he himself was in tears at the poor little thing's end! And his heart was (as he phrased it) unexpectedly and distractedly torn to pieces with it." "As for Charlotte [the maid] she went about for three days after with her face all swollen and red with weeping. But on the

fourth she got back her good looks and gay spirits; and much sooner Mr. C. had got to speak of 'poor Nero' composedly enough. Only to *me* whom he belonged to, and whom he preferred to all living, does my dear wee dog remain a constantly recurring blank, and a thought of strange sadness. What is become of that little, beautiful, graceful life, so full of love and loyalty and sense of duty, up to the last moment that it animated the body of that little dog? Is it to be extinguished, abolished, annihilated in an instant . . . It is impossible for me to believe *that* . . . I grieve for him as if he had been my little human child."

Six years later Mrs. Carlyle herself was to solve the great enigma. She had been taking care of a friend's dog and he was her companion in her daily airing in Hyde Park. One afternoon she stopped the carriage so that her little "god-dog" should have exercise. As he was trotting along he was run over and, though but slightly hurt, he was terribly frightened. The coachman picked him up, put him inside the brougham to be comforted, and continued the drive. Looking round once or twice for instructions, he received no orders, and being unable to leave his horses, stopped and asked a passer-by to look into the carriage to see if all was well. All was well at last: there sat Nero's mistress, her hands folded on her lap, a deeper expression of calm on her face than this world had ever seen.

5

Matthew Arnold's son, when he left home for Australia, had to say good-by to his loved black dachshund Geist, who was taken care of by the family. "The best of boys," Matthew Arnold called him, as when in town he took him for his daily walk round Hyde Park. In the country Geist enjoyed greater freedom scampering about by himself. He "finds me dull," Arnold wrote, "and has begged me to let him out into the garden. Now he has had his bark at the thrushes I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful."

In his short span of four years he greatly endeared himself to them all, and Arnold took up the pen, which he had laid aside for some time, to pay a tribute to him in the beautiful poem, "Geist's Grave." Enclosing the manuscript of the verses in a letter to Geist's master, he writes:

Your dear, dear little boy. . . . The daily miss of him will wear off, but we shall never forget him, and I am very glad to have stamped him in our memories when he was fresh in our minds. I like to think of all the newspapers having his dear little name in them, when the Christmas Number of the Fortnightly is advertised, and I hope people will like the lines, and that will lead to his being mentioned and talked about;

which seems to be a sort of continuation of him in life, dear little fellow, though it is but a hollow and shadowy one alas.

His successors were of the same breed:

Max and Kaiser we to-day
Greet upon the lawn at play;
Max a dachshund without blot
Kaiser should be—but is not.
Max, with shining yellow coat,
Pricking ears and dewlap throat
Kaiser, with his collie face.
Penitent for want of race.

Matthew Arnold, on a visit to Nuremberg, wrote to tell his daughter that he had seen two dachshunds who were the very replicas of those he had left at home. One had "the same slow and melancholy way; his eyes were yellower than Max's, that was the only difference. The extraordinary and more than natural crook of one foreleg was the same. He looked at me wistfully as if to say: 'I know you, but we must not speak here.' . . . But what makes it almost miraculous is that a minute afterwards Kaiser ran out from a passage and there they both were together." Meeting Max's double on another occasion, he again observed that "weird look from him, as if to say that we were in a dream and must dream on."

Differing greatly in personality and in the nature of their gifts, Matthew Arnold and Charles Dickens

differed also in the type of dogs on which they lavished their affections.

The novelist tells us that one of his earliest recollections was of a pug-dog, which he met daily on his way to school. It was puffy, "black-muzzled, with white teeth and crisp curling tail, with a rooted animosity to little boys, barking at them and snapping at their bare legs. . . . From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction and his name Fidèle. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back parlour, whose life appears to have been consumed in sniffing and wearing a black beaver bonnet."

Dickens, when he toured in America, was presented with a white Havana spaniel called Boz. "Little doggie improves rapidly," he wrote home, "and now jumps over my stick at the word of command. I have changed his name to Snittle Timberry as more sonorous and expressive." The Dickens family found this appellation somewhat lengthy, and when he came to live in England it was abbreviated to Timber.

He shared the family life and travels, and found the fleas of Italy as trying as did Flush. "Of all the miserable hideous little frights you ever saw, you never beheld such a devil." He "looked like the ghost of a drowned dog come out of a pond after a week or so." Such was the effect of the pests on

his appearance; and his vanity was hurt by such observations, and he would turn round and look at himself. "I think he 'll die of grief," his master declared, but wounded feelings are not fatal, and he recovered.

He was traveling in company with the novelist to Paris when the French man-servant, sitting on the box, exclaimed, "The little dog 'ave got a great lip," a statement which conveyed nothing to his master, who let it pass without comment A moment later he was interrupted by, "Helo! hola! Hi! Hi! hi! *Le voilà! Regardez!*"

Dickens, roused by such frantic exclamations, found they were driving through a drove of oxen, and in the middle of the road lay Timber, who had taken a great "lip" from the roof of the carriage. He yelped in terror, and all the Frenchmen and boys in sight joined in the general hubbub. He was, however, unhurt and lived many years after, dying in a good old age at Boulogne.

Percy Fitzgerald gave the novelist a splendid Irish bloodhound, Sultan, "with a profound absence of interest in my individual opinion of him which captivated me completely. . . . You will find a perfect understanding between us, I hope, when next you come to Gadshill," wrote Dickens to the donor.

A perfect understanding existed between master and hound, but not between Sultan and the rest of the world. Soldiers were anathema to him, and

on a certain occasion when he saw a company marching along the Portsmouth Road he caused great confusion by dashing into the midst of them, muzzled though he was, and bringing one unfortunate fellow to the ground.

His fierceness had its uses: he was a terror to burglars. One evening a gardener found a man lurking in the Gadshill grounds and gave pursuit. Sultan was unloosed to assist him and in a most businesslike way was on the intruder's trail, but failed to secure him, and the ruffian made off. Two policemen appeared somewhat tardily on the scene, and Sultan, either mistaking their intentions or from his habitual dislike to uniform, was about to pounce when Dickens, flinging his arms round the dog's neck, entreated the members of the force to make themselves scarce, and they vanished "in an inglorious manner."

Smaller prey did not come amiss to Sultan, and he actually bolted a blue-eyed kitten, "making me," his master said, "acquainted with the circumstances by his agonies of remorse or indigestion."

Worse was to follow: he savagely attacked a little girl, the daughter of one of the servants. His master flogged him and sentenced him to pay the penalty of his crimes the following day.

At seven next morning the execution party set out. The condemned dog, with a body-guard of half a dozen men, started off very cheerfully,

"thinking they were going to the death of somebody unknown." But when his eye caught sight of an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barreled gun, he grew meditative. A moment later a stone thrown across him by the village blackguard (chief mourner) caused him to look round, and in that instant he was shot through the heart.

His successors, Turk and a St. Bernard, Linda, were companions of gentler disposition. One winter afternoon, when out with their master, he met an accident and fell lame. They had hitherto been gamboling round him in glee, but, at sight of his pain, they were terrified and stood stock-still and then crept to his side, following him slowly all the way home, suiting their pace to his. He was touched. "Turk's look upwards to my face was one of sympathy as well as fear, but Linda was wholly struck down."

Linda's greeting to him on his return from a long American tour was full of emotion. She was greatly excited, weeping profusely and throwing herself on her back, that she might caress his foot with her fore paws.

And Miss Dickens's dog, Mrs. Bouncer, was not to be outdone in this welcome home.

"Who is this?" her mistress asked her. Her reply was a wild outburst of joy.

Other favorites were Don, a Newfoundland, and his son Bumble, so called because of "a peculiarly

pompous and overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard he had when he was an absolute infant."

Dickens, taking a walk with the pair of them, came to the river, and both dogs jumped in for a swim. Don reached land safely, and, shaking himself on the river bank, observed that his son was frightened and in difficulties over some floating timber. He immediately jumped in to his rescue, took hold of him by the ear, and safely piloted him to land with a skill which won his master's warm approval.

Both dogs survived the novelist, and Bumble was given on his death to Sir Charles Russell.

6

The record for hospitality to the canine species is held by a Frenchman, Alexandre Dumas the elder, who in his "Histoire de Mes Bêtes" recounts the doings of all his favorites. "I think God is equally concerned with man, and with all the animals to whom he has given life," he wrote. "But perhaps God has a special leaning toward the dogs, for of all animals it is the one to whom he has given an instinct that comes nearest to the intelligence of man."

The most noteworthy of his dog friends was Pritchard, a Scotch terrier pointer, with prick ears,

mustard-colored eyes, and a lovely bush of a tail. "I have a dog and I had fowls," Dumas wrote. The catastrophe indicated by the statement is revealed when Pritchard comes up for judgment, and it is suggested that a murderer should not escape capital punishment. His master dissented in biblical phrase: "God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live."

Pritchard lived, but the evidence of his turning from his wickedness is not forthcoming.

Dumas decided to have him trained for sport and gave him into the charge of his gamekeeper, to whose house he was conducted. An hour or so later he returned, having escaped from his tutor, but was promptly sent back and confined within a four-foot palisade. With great agility he leaped over and returned home. As neither Dumas nor the keeper intended to be beaten by him, he was reconducted on leash to his seminary and tied up. Pritchard was by no means baffled by this precaution. He ate his collar and reappeared, to enjoy in the interval of liberty an encounter with another of the household dogs, Mouton. He was punished and for the fourth time escorted to the gamekeeper's, and, for safety, confined in an outhouse with brick walls and a wooden door. The walls defied his ingenuity, but he found the door wholly digestible,

gnawed a hole through it, and reappeared in fine form in his master's *salle-à-manger*.

It was still hoped he would make a sporting dog, and Dumas and his keeper took him out on leash for training. While his human companions were conversing he bit the leash in two and was seen in the far distance, standing on a bridge, looking through the openings in the parapet at the water beneath.

Before he was recaptured he continued his pilgrimage to the station, and, finding the door of the station-master's house open, went in and gobbled up the breakfast. His appetite was keen and as he gaily followed his master to the gamekeeper's house for lunch he had no doubt he would be able to satisfy it. Madame, all courtesy and anxiety to offer hospitality to her distinguished guest, hastened to the kitchen, to prepare a special dish of veal for which she was famous. Agonized shouts were heard from that quarter; "Thief! Brigand! Wretch!" and Pritchard hove in view, his yellow eyes flashing with amusement, the veal in his mouth. It was his busy day. After coffee had been served, the sugar basin was sought and found adhering to Pritchard's mouth, which he could not shut, as he had filled it with all the contents and failed to swallow them at a gulp.

He was of a very hospitable disposition, and did

the honors of Monte Cristo in a princely fashion. He would sit without the gate on the Marly Road, his roving eye attracting every passing dog. After a preliminary growl of introduction he wagged his tail.

"Have you a good master?" inquired the stranger.

"Not bad!"

"Are you well fed in your house?"

"Yes, pâtés twice a day, bones for breakfast and dinner, and in the intervals what one can steal from the kitchen."

The questioner licked his lips. "Not bad," he murmured and became pensive.

"I don't complain," replied Pitchard, adding politely, "Would it please you to come and dine with me?"

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and the new-comer soon found that his host had not exaggerated the household amenities and played his paw so well that he became accepted as a permanent member of the establishment. So did many of the others, much to the consternation of Dumas' servant Michel, who put the case to his master:

"Sir, do you know how many dogs there are in this house?"

"No, Michel."

"Thirteen!"

"An unlucky number, Michel, one must be care-

ful that they do not all sit down to table together, or one is certain to die first."

"That is n't the point, sir."

"What is it, then?"

"These jolly dogs eat a bullock, horns and all."

"Do you think they eat the horns, Michel? I don't believe it."

"O sir, if you take it like that, there is nothing to say."

"Well, Michel, what do you want me to do?"

"Let me turn them all out of doors."

"Michel, we must do it with ceremony. Give them to-day a good dinner, and warn them it is a farewell feast."

A moment later he changed his mind.

"It won't be the dogs that ruin me, and on a close reckoning a good dinner to guests would cost much more, and they would go away and say I gave them excellent wine and wrote bad books. But in the interest of the dogs one precaution must be taken; there must no longer be thirteen."

"I may get rid of one of them?"

"On the contrary let one more come and there will be fourteen."

Mouton was a magnificent animal of Sierra breed, who is described by his master in "Le Batard de Mauleon." He was of uncertain temper, and when his master punished him for digging up the dahlias

in the garden Mouton flew at him with such ferocity that his hand was badly mauled before he could be got off.

The expense of Monte Cristo proved too much for the novelist's pocket; and the dogs were dispersed, the house given up, and Pritchard alone remained. His adventurous career terminated in a dog fight. "Pritchard, poor Pritchard," sobbed his master, as the yellow eyes turned on him for the last time. He was mourned as "the only dog in whom I have found originality and unexpectedness, the qualities that one finds in a man of genius."

A PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH BY HIMSELF

CHAPTER XII

FAMOUS IN FRAMES

RUSKIN accounts Veronese as the greatest of dog painters, and his finest work in this direction as the "Love" which forms the frontispiece of this volume, his "highest or spiritual view of a dog's nature" . . . a great heroic poem on a dog."

After describing in glowing words the "mighty brindled mastiffs," he turns to the spirit that stands between them: "human love, dove-winged and beautiful, the resistless Greek boy, golden quivered; his glowing breast and limbs the only light upon the sky —purple and pure. He has cast his chain about the dogs' necks, and holds it in his strong right hand, leading proudly a little back from them. They will never break loose."

As a rule Veronese painted the little curly, short-nosed, fringy-pawed Italian dogs that in a later age were to be the playmates of the poet's Flush. One such attends the queen of Sheba in the picture of that name, "wholly unabashed by Solomon's presence, or anybody else's; and stands with his four legs well apart, right in front of his mistress, think-

ing everybody has lost their wits, and barking violently." The same occupation and preoccupation with human intelligence is portrayed in the little spaniel in "Sussanah and the Elders."

In many of Veronese's canvases dogs are used symbolically. Thus the two leashed together, one gnawing a bone, in "The Marriage at Cana," are considered to be a satire on the married state. In the "Magdalen" at Turin "a noble piece of bye-meaning is brought out by the dog's help. On one side is the principal figure, the Mary washing Christ's feet; on the other a dog has just come out from beneath the table (the dog under the table eating the crumbs) and in doing so had touched the robe of one of the Pharisees, thus making it unclean. The Pharisee gathers up his robe in a passion, and shows the hem of it to a byestander, pointing to the dog at the same time."

Veronese introduced a dog into a picture first called "The Lord's Last Supper" and afterward, as there had probably been some protest, "Christ in the House of Levi."

Even so the presence of the dog was unwelcome to the Italian inquisitors, who summoned the painter to appear at the chapel of San Teodora in Venice to answer a charge of blasphemy.

"Why do you think you have been called?" he was asked.

"The red prior of San Giovanni has told me that I must substitute the figure of the Magdalen for that of the dog. I am willing to do so but I think the figure would not be fitting or look well."

And he went on to compare the censured picture with Michelangelo's "Last Judgment."

"In such a picture," the inquisitors replied, "drapery is not expected, disembodied spirits only being seen, and dare you compare them with your buffoons, dogs, and other absurdities?"

Had the artist been before a Spanish court he would have undoubtedly suffered severe penalties for such a lapse from righteousness; the Italians were more merciful.

"You are free to go," they informed him, "but on condition that you paint out the offending dog and replace him by the Magdalen."

Three months were given for the execution of this command, to which the painter readily promised acquiescence. He then promptly forgot the injunction, and to this day the dog remains sharing the feast in the house of Levi.

As a general rule, Ruskin considered, the Venetians introduced the dog "as a contrast to the higher aspects of humanity. They do this, not because they consider him the basest of animals, but the highest—the connecting link between man and animals."

Neither Velasquez nor Titian gives such special character to dogs, though the former made some of them "near as grand as his surly kings."

But as art declined in spirituality, so did the dog's rôle in importance, and the Dutch painters, the Teniers, especially introduced him "meanly merely to obtain an unclean jest, while by the more powerful men, Rubens, Snyders, Rembrandt, it is painted only in savage chase or butchered agony."

Passing from Italy in the middle ages to England in the eighteenth century, Hogarth painted his own portrait with his pug-dog Trump, which hangs in the National Gallery. On its first exhibition it elicited an amusing satire on the two "inseparable companions" so alike in appearance; "cheek by jowl they are drawn in familiar degree."

Another dog that came into Hogarth's life was his wife's pet Pompey, who when he died was buried at the end of the filbert walk in the garden of his house at Chiswick, with a stone inscribed, "Life to the Last Enjoyed; Here Pompey Lies."

In the nineteenth century we have our foremost animal painter in Edwin Landseer, who interpreted dogs as understood by the British people, not only in their grandeur and their beauty, but with their almost human intelligence. Occasionally he may be criticized for unduly emphasizing this latter point in order to give special personal character to his subject.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER
South Kensington Museum
Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd. London

He was an infant prodigy among artists and, admitted to the Academy Schools when he was but twelve, was known by the director Fuseli as his "little dog boy."

As has already been noted, he painted Scott's Maida in "The Scene at Abbotsford," and Maida's master was one of his great admirers. His dogs, Scott says, are "the most magnificent thing I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning on the canvas."

There is a delightful account of Landseer's visit to Sir Walter, whom he found in his study, laughing at his young collie-dog and playing with old Maida, quoting to him, "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

Maida has also been identified, but without authority, with the hound painted in "High Life," though the "Fireside Party" represents *Pepper* and *Mustard,* the terriers in "Guy Mannering."

"The Spaniels of King Charles Breed," now in the Tate Gallery, belonged to Vernon, the great art collector. Both the beautiful little creatures who live on the canvas met untimely ends. The white Blenheim fell from a table and was killed, while the King Charles, falling from the rails of his master's staircase, met a similar fate.

So too did "The Sleeping Bloodhound," who, while listening for the return of her master, Jacob Bell, on the balcony of his house at Wandsworth,

heard the familiar sound of the carriage wheels, and, in her excitement, leaped down, missed her footing, and fell dead at her master's feet.

Bell had already interviewed the artist with regard to a portrait of this fine hound, Countess, and now that he had lost her he was only the more desirous that she should have her place in his gallery of noble animals. Not a moment was to be lost, and, taking her dead body in his arms, he put it into the carriage and drove over to St. John's Wood.

The painter, irritated at first at being interrupted in his work, melted into sorrow and sympathy at the master's grief.

"Go away," he said. "Come back Thursday at two o'clock."

At the appointed hour Bell returned, and there, on the easel, was a canvas showing Countess, not dead but sleeping, immortalized by the magic of the artist's brush.

The gallant Newfoundland, who figures in the picture in the Tate Gallery as "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," sitting resting at the end of a pier, the darkling skies overhead, warning him that he may that night be called upon to play a dog's part in the surging sea, belonged to Newman Smith. The picture won great notice at the Royal Academy, and the public insisted that such a hero's name must be Leo. Unfortunately, when Landseer was appealed to, he had to confess that

the owner had given him the extremely stupid name of Paul Pry. And, he also told his friends, the choice of the title of the picture, which was dedicated to the Royal Humane Society, was a disappointment to Paul Pry's master, who wished him to figure in the catalogue pompously labeled as "The Property of Newman Smith, Esq., of Croydon Lodge."

On Sir Edwin Landseer's tomb, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, is sculptured a bas-relief of perhaps his most beautiful portrait of a dog, considered by Ruskin as his masterpiece, "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," who had

> Sought the shielding of the shepherd dead,
> Beside whose bier nor man nor woman weeps;
> Only the collie lays his faithful head
> Upon the coffin where his master sleeps.

Ruskin had dogs of his own, but it is by the pen and not by the brush that they live for us. The first that had a place in his heart was a black-and-white spaniel, Dash, "a dog of Blenheim birth, with fine long ears and full of mirth," who belonged to his aunt, and who refused to leave her side when she lay dead till the coffin was borne from the house.

Ruskin's father and mother took charge of Dash, who was for many years a happy inmate of the house at Herne Hill, who inspired one of their son's earliest poetic efforts, written when he was eleven,

and who was celebrated in other verses later on for his noisy welcome to his young master on his return.

The second favorite, Wysie, a white Spitz, was the friend of his maturity. He was the gift of an Austrian officer who had tired of him, and at first he showed no particular inclination to fraternize with his new master, who was then living in Venice, running away for three days and living with the fisherfolk. Growing tired of an independent life, he decided to rejoin his owner, and jumped into the Lido and was seen swimming vigorously in the direction of the city. But, getting into difficulties among the reeds, his career would have ended but for the attentions of a fisherman, who rowed out to his rescue and duly delivered him at the author's house in St. Mark's Place. Here he led a pleasant life sunning himself on the window-ledge and watching the passers-by.

On their return to England, Ruskin and Wysie stayed at a hotel in Paris, and here, just as they were about to drive to the station, Wysie met with an accident, jumping from the balcony to the pavement. He was able to stagger up but was so badly injured that it was out of the question to remove him. A friend, hearing of the predicament, offered to take charge of him till his recovery. "The poor little speechless, luckless, wistfully gazing doggy was tenderly put in a pretty basket (going to be taken where? thinks the beating heart), looks at his master

to read what he can in the sad face—can make out nothing." He was taken off to a house a mile or so away and well cared for, and was very good. Directly he felt better his one preoccupation was to rejoin his master, and leaping the wicket-gate of the house he hurried back to the hotel with unerring instinct, confiding himself, once there, to a friend of Ruskin's, on whom he relied to reunite him with his master. Thus he returned to England and spent some happy years, before we have read in "Præterita" the sad comment, "And my dog Wysie, was he dead too! It seems wholly wonderful to me at the moment that he should ever have died."

After Landseer's dogs perhaps the most familiar to the general public in the Victorian era were George du Maurier's trio—the St. Bernard, Chang; Don, a shaggy fellow with trustful eyes; and Punch, a dachshund—all of whom often figure in his drawings in "Punch." Chang used to go abroad with the artist, and such was his giant girth that at one time he attracted the attention of the revenue officials, who felt sure it was not natural and that he was being used for smuggling purposes. On his death his skin, which measured seven feet from tip to tip, hung in his master's studio, and his skeleton was presented to the Royal College of Surgeons.

Tribute must be paid to the hero of Cecil Alden's "A Dog Day," since that artist has identified himself with the portrayal of dogs, and is happiest with

his humorous mongrels. That delightful study of canine occupation brought in a new era of dog appreciation, in which character—not in this case a good one—is the prominent note. Dogs too have forsaken the virtuous Victorian standard.

CHAPTER XIII

DOGS OF WAR

DOGS, as we have seen, frequently accompanied their masters into battle and shared the hardships of the campaign without any protection. But dogs in armor were not unknown: one such is sculptured in a bronze relief in the Naples Museum, defending a Roman outpost against the barbarians. Another is to be found in the museum at Madrid, clad in finely wrought armor, wearing armorial bearings, plumed helmet, hauberk of chain-armor, corselet and surcoat of steel—a dog of knightly breed.

The ancients, as Pliny the Elder records, found dogs of real use. The king of the Garamantes had a body-guard of hounds, who accompanied him when he returned from exile and fought for him successfully against his enemies.

And the people of Colophon and Castabala also used them to their profit, for they fought in the front rank and never retreated, were most faithful, and required no pay. After the defeat of the Cimbri they successfully defended the movable houses which were carried upon wagons.

The Corinthians, too, used them for purposes of defense, and the citadel of Corinth had a guard of fifty placed in boxes by the sea-shore. Taking advantage of a dark night, the Greeks with whom they were at war disembarked on the coast. The garrison were asleep after an orgy, the dogs alone kept watch, and the fifty pickets fell on the enemy like lions; all but one were casualties. Sorter, sole survivor, retiring from the conflict, fled to the town to give warning and roused the drunken soldiers, who came forth to battle. To him alone were the honors of victory, and the grateful town presented to him a collar with the inscription, "Sorter, Defender and Savior of Corinth," and erected a monument engraved with his name and those of the forty-nine heroes who fell.

Passing from the ancient times to more modern days, John Taylor, the Water-poet, wrote in the seventeenth century a tribute to "The Dogge of Warre," in praise of a soldier's dog, Drunkard,—an appellation hardly earned,—who was

> so true, so good, so kinde,
> He scorned to stay at home behind
> And leave his master frustrate.

Whether Drunkard really enjoyed the din and clash of battle is unrecorded, but at any rate Admiral Collingwood's Newfoundland Bounce, who was with him on board ship in action off Cadiz in

1805, tempered his devotion with discretion. He would have admired the tactics of a monkey who, in the battle of Jutland, alarmed by the bursting of shells, was found in a bomb-proof shelter consisting of a saucepan in the kitchen.

"Bounce is my only pet just now," the admiral wrote, "and he is indeed a good fellow. He sleeps by the side of my cot, whenever I lie in one, and then marches off to be out of hearing of the guns, for he is not reconciled to them yet."

Bounce was also present on the admiral's ship, the *Royal Sovereign,* at Trafalgar, and shared the honors of victory and of promotion to the peerage. "I am out of patience with Bounce," Collingwood wrote to his wife; "the consequential airs he gives himself, since he became a right honourable dog, are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with commoners' dogs. This is, I think, carrying the insolence of rank to the extreme; but he is a dog that does it."

The South African War gave a large shaggy Irish terrier a chance for distinction. He was in Mafeking, after which town he was named, when the Boers laid seige, and was slightly wounded the first day by the gunners of the Staats Artillery. The Boers did not make war on dogs, and but for their humanity he would have lost his life, for, leaving the comparative safety of the trenches in the brick-fields, he jumped the parapet and advanced

into the open. Directly his shaggy figure was seen, firing ceased from the enemy's lines till he sought the safety of his own once more.

At another time he was asleep in a house when a heavy bombardment began and, rushing out in alarm, warned the other inmates to seek shelter, ere a shell demolish the dwelling.

Mafeking was wounded a second time by a fragment of shrapnel when he was playing with a dog friend in the Market Square. The casualty was but a slight one, and he survived to share the increasing hardships of the siege. Rations were cut down to a minimum, and his palate revolted at the brew of husks and oats, sweetened with glycerin and mixed with horseflesh juice, which was his portion.

After the relief of the town he followed the victorious column to Pretoria, subsequently returning to England.

Major Richardson in his valuable book, "Dogs in War," deals with scientific aspects of the theme. And since his subject includes the part dogs played in the Great War, three only, not by reason of their prowess but by reason of their devotion to their masters, must be mentioned here. The first is General Townshend's wire-haired terrier Spot, who shared his adverse fortune at Kut and accompanied him as a prisoner of war when the town fell into the hands of the Turks.

He lived to return to England and had his honor-

able place in an exhibition of war dogs, where his fighting instinct got so much the better of him that he sought to relieve the tedium of too much admiration by a fight with his neighbor in the next cage. This was not according to rules, though it might have been overlooked had the occupant been a dachshund, and Lady Townshend or the valet had to bear him company throughout the show to restrain his warlike ardor. And it was not a question of pedigree, for few of the dogs would have passed the scrutiny of the Kennel Club. As Lady Townshend said, "These dogs are all mongrel breeds, you know: only game little mongrels could go through the hardships these war dogs have faced."

The navy has its representative in Captain Loxley's little dog Bruce, a cross between an Airedale and an Irish terrier, given him by his little son Peter on his appointment to the *Formidable*. When that vessel was torpedoed on New Year's day, 1915, the captain on the bridge sent for Bruce, who remained stanchly by his side as the vessel slowly sank, and in his noble company went down with the ship.

Private Brown of the Staffordshire Regiment has an Irish terrier Prince, whom he left at home in Hammersmith when he was ordered abroad in 1914. Prince soon disappeared from Hammersmith, joined the British Expeditionary Force without detection, and managed so well that he too crossed the channel. But the object of his journey was not

yet accomplished; he had to find his master. By some extraordinary instinct he discovered that the Staffords were in the trenches at Armentières and found his way there and his master. This is one of the most remarkable instances of a dog's sagacity. Prince was brought back to England and died in July, 1921.

CHAPTER XIV

ACTORS AND SCHOLARS

DOGS have often appeared on the stage, but rarely with much of a part to play, except in the case of the Dog of Montargis. Plutarch, however, tells us of one Zopicus, who was an expert dancer and was not content with a super's part, who performed in the theater of Marcellus and had the honor of appearing before the Emperor Vespasian. Part of his rôle was to be ill on the stage, and in the most realistic manner he exhibited signs of pain, culminating in what appeared to be his premature death but was fortunately only a dead faint, for he revived after a time and reassured the anxious audience—even as they are reassured to-day by the dead hero appearing before the curtain, a minute after his decease—and danced with joy to the plaudits of the crowd.

The German philosopher and mathematician, Leibnitz, investigated the case of a talking dog. It belonged to a peasant lad of Misnia in Saxony; by patience and perseverance he had so educated it that it could actually articulate words. The dog was not

a willing scholar, and whenever possible he hid himselve at lesson time. Leibnitz, who was present at one of the lessons, communicated his observations to the Royal Academy of France and vouched for the fact that the dog could call in an intelligible manner for tea, coffee, and chocolate, and knew many other words.

The editor of "The Lancet" was the examiner of two poodles, Brac and Philax, the property of a French gentleman named Leonard. The two were introduced and with Continental courtesy bowed to the inspector, who spoke to them in their native tongue. They were bidden to walk, lie down, gallop, halt, and perform gymnastic feats, which they did with great precision. Such tests were not in themselves so remarkable, since many dogs can be trained in this way.

Their unusual gifts were proved when their master put cards of six different colors on the floor and, sitting with his back to them, told them which colors to pick up. "Philax, take the red card and give it to Brac; Brac, take the white card and give it to Philax," which was immediately done.

The next trial revealed both obedience and intelligence. Bread and meat were brought in, and Philax was ordered to take a piece of meat and give it to Brac, and the latter to return it. Philax was told to bring a piece of bread and eat it, but, before he had time to bite, the order was countermanded

and he opened his mouth to show the food intact.

The poodles played dominoes and were so keen that they immediately detected the human player making a false move, growling and barking; and then, finding this of no avail, one of them pushed the offending domino away with his nose and substituted the correct one, crowning his achievement by winning the game.

"The Strand Magazine" in August, 1914, gave an account of Rolf, the Wonder-dog of Mannheim, by Professor Marcus Hartog, professor of zoölogy in University College, Cork.

He was the property of a doctor's wife of that town, Frau Moekel. One day, when she was teaching her children, one of them refused to calculate a small sum.

"Why, Rolf could do that," she said encouragingly, and the dog, hearing his name, pricked up his ears, and patted the correct number on her arm.

She naturally thought it might be only a coincidence, but from that day forward took the greatest pains to educate him and found that simple arithmetic came easily to him.

"Would you like to learn the alphabet?" she asked him; and, being a dog of Scotch descent in a German home, he signified with a pat of his paw his desire for further education.

His mistress invented a system by which she

could explain the intricacies of the letters to him, and he soon mastered it and began to spell out words by pats.

Dr. Mackenzie, who came to Mannheim to investigate his claims to celebrity, took a handkerchief out of his pocket and asked for a clean one. When this was given him he asked Rolf what was the difference between the two pieces of cambric, and Rolf carefully spelt out "crinkled."

He was by no means always keen for his studies, and one morning, when Dr. Mackenzie's passion for information began to pall, he growled at him. "Naughty," said his mistress, and the quickly repentant scholar tapped on her arm, "Rolf nice, not bite," and the following day in a further fit of contrition he informed her, "Rolf love Dr. Mackenzie."

The method of tapping out his answers was tedious, resembling in this respect those messages from the spirit world obtained through the instrumentality of hands clasped on a table.

Krall, the celebrated horse-trainer of Elberfeld, sent Rolf a picture-book in which was a drawing of disconsolate animals at school. Rolf's letter in answer, taken down by his mistress, is so remarkable that, if it were not vouched for by such high authorities, it would be all but incredible:

Love. Glad of book; Daisy [the cat] must see. Animals like learning, book-maker, story-teller.

Plenty gentlemen were there. Christ-child [Father Christmas] coming. Mother brings him. Horses have a tree too. Rolf gives you little Rolf [photograph]. Many kisses.

ROLF.

CHAPTER XV

FAMILIAR FRIENDS

MANY dogs besides Cecil Alden's have written their biographies. Among them, though he gives us but a fragment, is the fox-terrier Jack of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton), given to him by Lord Falmouth. "All my ancestors," he us, "were noted for their love of sport, and their keen sense of humor, and hatred of vermin." Jack's keen sense of humor led his master at times to look ridiculous, if such a thing can be said of a great luminary of the law. Thus in his puppy days Sir Henry led Jack on leash to prevent his running amuck.

"I sometimes pulled him with such violence that my lord had to run, and on seeing us so amusing ourselves one morning, old Lord Grimthorpe, I think they called him, cried out:

" 'Hulloa, Hawkins! What, has Jack made you his prisoner! Ha! Ha! Hold him, Jack, don't let him get away.' "

Jack soon became sufficiently well behaved to follow his master without a lead, and hence another encounter with Lord Grimthorpe:

"Hulloa! Hulloa! Hawkins! Does your keeper let you go out without being attached to a string?"

"No! No! Jack 's attached to *me* now!"

Jack always went on circuit with the judge, shared his lodgings, and accompanied him to court, taking stock of all that was going on, occupying a seat of honor in the sheriff's carriage, and walking to it with a dignity worthy of the occasion.

Jack became a well-known character, beloved by the judges, though he by no means played up to the law lords, for he "sometimes gave them a pretty loud rebuke, if they showed any approach to ill-humour, or an occasional want of punctuality on coming into court."

One day the counsel for the defense insisted that the evidence against his client was insufficient to hang a dog.

"And pray, sir, may I inquire what you would consider sufficient evidence to hang a dog?" asked Sir Henry in bland tones.

"That of course depends a good deal, m'lud, to whom the dog belongs," was the tactful reply.

Jack disliked long speeches and cross-examination. He had a good walk before coming into court so that if the proceedings were too dull he could sleep on the edge of the judge's robe. One day, however, Jack was extremely bored by a noisy counsel's speech and began to bark him down. "I cannot think why people are allowed to bring dogs

into court," blandly remarked his master, and, turning to one of the functionaries, bade him, "Take Jack to Baron Pollock's room"—his Lordship was having his lunch—"and tell him to give him a mutton-chop."

Jack was excessively proud when one of his master's servants made him "a set of robes exactly like my lord's which I used to wear in the Court of Crown Cases Reserved, and at high functions, such as the Queen's birthday, or Chancellor's breakfast. In Court I always appeared in mufti on ordinary occasions."

At the Hereford assizes "My Lord and I were robed for the reception of the High Sheriff and his chaplain, when I walked robed by the side of my lord into our dining-room. . . . My Lord was so pleased with my appearance that he held me up for the two dignitaries to admire." They were conventional gentlemen, but they could not restrain a laugh, and the chaplain, hemming a little, ventured to say:

"My lord, are you really going to take the little dog to divine service at the cathedral?"

Sir Henry looked surprised and, bending down, had a whispered conversation with Jack.

"No, Jack says, not to-day: he does n't like long sermons."

The chaplain was offended. The sermon he sub-

sequently preached, however, was of a chastened brevity.

2

Sir Henry Irving's dogs, who might have been expected to wear costume, never imitated their owner in this way. The first of these, Charlie, a beautiful Skye terrier, was frequently referred to by his master when writing home. He was succeeded by the fox-terrier Fussy, presented by Fred Archer, the jockey, to Miss Ellen Terry, and given by her to the Lyceum chief. He also traveled in America. During one tour a fire broke out at the Union Theater, New York, which was near the Star Theater where Irving was playing. His manager, Bram Stoker, thought he ought to be informed, and going to the hotel, where the chief was staying, summoned his valet, to learn that he knew of the disaster.

"What did he say?"

"Is Fussy safe?"

"Yes, he has been with me all the time."

And, this point settled, Irving turned on his side and went to sleep again.

On another occasion Fussy left London with his master for Southampton to embark for the States, but was lost before the vessel sailed, and Irving

was obliged to go on board leaving him behind, hearing no news of him till he had landed at New York. Fussy, failing to find his master, had hurried back to London, back to the Lyceum stage-door, through the familiar passages, to his master's dressing-room, where he was discovered, hungry and footsore, curled up in the arm-chair, and carefully taken care of by Irving's housekeeper till his return.

As years went on Fussy's eyesight began to fail, and it was due to this that when Irving was playing at the Theater Royal, Manchester, he fell down a trap-door, and was killed. As the performance was in progress the news was withheld from the chief till he had concluded his evening's work. He did not utter a word, but "pressing the body of the dead dog to his heart passed silently out of the playhouse with Fussy close to his breast."

A contemporary of Fussy's was Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's dog Max, who has the honor of a long biography, written by her hand. She tells us of how he came into the life and love of her household. Her small son was to go to boarding-school; and in the list of clothing he was required to take were two tweed suits, while he had but one. T. P. O'Connor expostulated, declaring that one suit was enough for one small boy. "No," replied the mother, "he must have two. It is a sunny morning, so take him out and buy him just the right suit, not too dark and not too light."

Father and son set out in high spirits, but when the hour of their expected return arrived they failed to appear, and Mrs. O'Connor went up to dress for dinner wondering what had become of them. She was reassured by the familiar sound of the latch-key in the door, and her boy's voice saying, "I 'll bring him some milk; I think he 'll like that."

"Dear me," she thought to herself, "have they brought a stray baby? Quixotic, no doubt, but embarrassing."

She hastened downstairs and found the object of their solicitude, a black-and-tan collie, sitting by the fire.

"Is he ours?" she asked, melted by the sight of his silky head, on which she laid a loving hand.

"Yes, is n't he beautiful?"

"Where did you find him?"

"At the Dog's Home. Before we did our shopping we went to the zoo, and the sight of wild animals suggested domestic ones, so after our lunch we wended our way, not too hungrily, to Battersea. It was difficult to make up our minds. At least there were half a dozen dogs that I liked, but Toodie set his heart on this one. He was the most expensive, so we bought him."

"What did he cost?"

"Thirty shillings."

"The price of a tweed suit?"

"He is the tweed suit. Toodie insisted he would

rather have a dog than clothes, and it was settled."

"His name?"

"'Max' is Toodie's choice."

To this were added "Gladstone," because his eyes resembled those of the great statesman, and the surname of his adopted family. He had one characteristic, which ought to have brought him to the notice of George Meredith, who once asserted that "as a dog does n't understand good English we generally talk bad to him." Max insisted on being addressed with words from the pure well of English undefiled; not for him the "din-dins" and "brek-breks" of less intellectual dogs.

He had a wide circle of friends and was introduced to many celebrities; to Herr Woolf, the violinist, to whom he had the honor of offering his paw; to an eminent cardinal, who told him that his home was always open to him. His social manners were perfect, and did not lack fine canine characteristics. As he was walking along the embankment one afternoon with his mistress they passed a spot placarded as "dangerous." An unfortunate urchin, ignoring the warning, had ventured in and was in difficulties. Max plunged to his rescue, and it was not his fault that he was unsuccessful in his attempts to save the child's life.

It is easy for dogs of famous owners to attain fame, but it is otherwise with those whose masters are in humble circumstances. Such a one was Nell,

whose duty it was to escort a blind, half-paralyzed musician to his stand in Kensington, where he played his zither, Nelly sitting at his feet. The little dog attracted the attention of Mrs. de Courcy Laffan. Many a time she stopped to talk to her and invited her to her house to lunch. When the cold winter came on she made her a little coat to keep her warm during her long vigils. Nell was grateful for all the kindness showered on her, but was always impatient to return to her duty.

The musician fell ill and had to go into hospital, and in his absence Mrs. de Courcy Laffan took Nell into her house, feeding her daintily and giving her every comfort. But material things were as nothing to her; she fretted for her master, and her eyes were always questioning, "When will he return?" She had not long to wait for the welcome sound of a ring at the hall door, and her beloved master's voice, "Nell, my dear, dear Nell," as she bounded to greet him and fell dead at his feet. It was not long before he joined her, and his dying murmur was, "I think I shall find little Nell waiting for me."

In her honor Mrs. Laffan founded the Brotherhood of Hero Dogs, to which none are admitted but those who have served humanity; and her little book, bearing this name, is an account of the noble and unselfish deeds of dogs who have earned the honor of being inscribed on the roll.

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